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# APA - FILK

4th Mailing

1 November 1979

## Lost

**SHAKABUKU!**  
Even Edgar Douglas Jones Jr.  
Chants Nam Myoho Renge Kyo  
Why Don't You?  
Love Me  
**SAM HIMSELF**

DRINK...DRINK...DRINK...  
DRINK...DRINK...DRINK...  
DRINK...DRINK...DRINK...  
DRINK...DRINK...DRINK...



Do you adopt derelicts for sex partners? Crap out when it comes to coitus? Fumble and stumble from bed to bed in search of divine sexual fulfillment? Read

Astrological Sexoscopes  
\$2.00 Rich Eskimo Press  
5455 Wilshire no 1500 LA 90036  
Ca

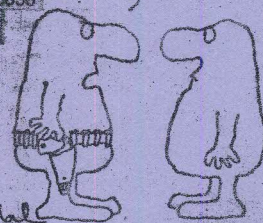
**DEAR ABBY:** I have always wanted to have my family history traced, but I can't afford to spend a lot of money to do it. Have you any suggestions? —**M.J.B.**

**DEAR M.J.B.:** Yes. Run for a public office.



**Find bodies of 4 fast-food workers**

...BECAUSE I WOULD BE EMASCULATED WITHOUT IT!



YES. I SAID IF YOU KEEP YOUR NOSE OUT OF THE WASP'S BUSINESS, HE'LL KEEP HIS NOSE OUT OF YOURS



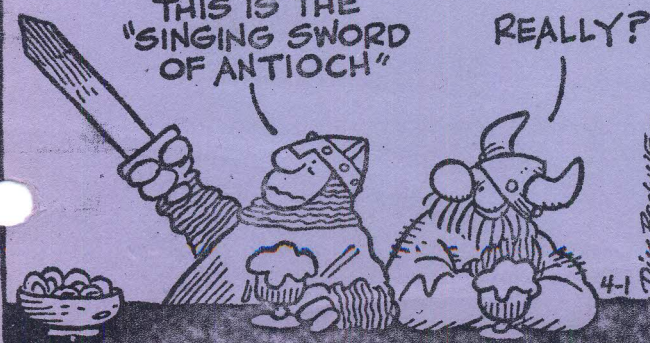
## DENNIS the MENACE



"COME TO THINK OF IT, JOEY, THERE AREN'T MANY KINDS OF WEATHER THAT AREN'T BEER WEATHER."

THIS IS THE "SINGING SWORD OF ANTIOCH"

REALLY?



LISTEN...

"COME TO ME MY MELANCHOLY BABY..."



CONFIDENTIAL TO DESPERATE IN NEW YORK: Have the church wedding and wear the gowns and stop worrying. All those parties are bound to add weight.



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APA-Filk is a quarterly Amateur Press Association for filk-singers. We welcome filksongs, discussions of filksongs, and other material relevant and irrelevant, such as Disco. Those who maintain minimum activity of four pages of material per year receive their copies for the cost of mailing them. Non-contributors will pay more to discourage deadheadism.

The cost of this issue to contributors is postage. Non-contributors must pay \$1.25 and postage. Copies of APA-Filk #1 are available (barely) for 75¢ plus 28¢ postage. #2 and 3 are each available for \$1.75 plus 54¢ postage.

Copy count for APA-Filk #5 is 50 copies. For those who do not have access to printing facilities, the Management can electrostencil and mimeograph your material. Electrostencils cost 35¢ per page. Mimeography costs 35¢ per sheet.

It is recommended that interested people avoid the passive case and send a few dollars to cover costs. Please make all checks payable to Robert Bryan Lipton and send them to: Robert Bryan Lipton, 556 Green Place, Woodmere, N.Y. 11598 U.S.A.

There will be no editing of material unless specifically requested. The Management, however, reserves the right to not receive or even lose particularly poor items.

It is suggested that contributors format their material with very wide margins; many people like to bind their filksongs in looseleaf.

Lee Burwasser is keeping an index of songs published herein. She and the Management request you inform the APA (or at least her) of what filksongs from here you have either sung or heard performed. See Lee's contribution for further information.

The Management of the APA recommends that those interested join the Filk Foundation. Dues are \$15.00 a year. See Ms. Middleton's contribution for further information.

APA-Filk #5 will be out on the first of February. Contributions should be sent to Robert Lipton, address above and beyond.

COPY COUNT FOR APA-FILK #5: 50 Copies  
DEADLINE FOR APA-FILK #5: 1 Feb. 1979



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#### FILKSONGS OLD AND NEW, PART IV

Various people (?) have been writing on how filksongs are/should be written, as well as sung. They have even been so rash as to encourage others to do the same. Be warned - later on I'll discuss how I do it. But first, a few

#### Grace Notes

Mark B - Although it was new to me when I read it, I was privileged to hear "Super Skier" in 4 part harmony performed by a SPEBSQSA quartet. Sounded great! Please don't give only fragments (give the whole thing) unless there's a purpose such as collaboration. Have you heard "The Topical Song" to the tune "Logical", again about the gas shortage?

Evan J. - Sign me up with J. S. Bach's family.

Margaret M. - A D&D Gory Gory sounds good. Possibly nextish.

John B. - "Roger Bung" is good. While I didn't go out and look up the tune, I remembered it after hearing it, instead of promptly forgetting it. It's a good bet the Burger King people went to McDonalds.

Raymond H. - Not bad, except a weak chorus. However, I think it's been done before.

Robert L. - I tossed a coin on Army vs. Armies. I've now got "50 Ways" on tape, and the chorus needs a few more syllables - fake it. "Kinnison's Lament" is good.

Lee B. - How about at one pace, with 50 kegs? Every article you wrote sends me to the library for a few hours of hunting for the music to your songs, so I guess we're even.

Dave K. - Welcome, I gave in - I'm taking up guitar.

Mark R. - Just remember - it's partly your fault that I'm writing on how-to-write filksongs.

Greg B. - Where are you?

There's been enough discussion on writing styles and singing styles that I might as well toss my 2¢ in.



My writing style, up to now, has been designed to produce a song that's amusing (to me), in a short period of time. I would usually share them among friends, but they were written for me. Since I like "keep close to the original" songs, I tend to write them that way. I get my inspiration from somewhere for a title, or a line, and because I'm in the mood I want to finish it in one session. The usual result is a finished product in around a half an hour to an hour - not an outstanding product but one that amuses me. There are exceptions - songs I sit and work on quite a bit, and songs that die after that one title/line inspiration. But the majority follow the outlined pattern. The songs tend to be upbeat, somewhat obvious, perhaps with a pun or two, but sometimes relying simply on that one line, with the rest of the song being filler. This style fits in quite well with most East Coast (EC) filkers. There are EC filkers who don't fit in this mold, but they seem to tend to perform on stage.

As I've said, ideas come fairly easily. However, sometimes I find it difficult to finish them, as with the bridge songs. What one does then is write a medley. This one combines the tunes "It's Impossible", "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime", "It's Not Unusual", and "Alouetta".

"The Not Unusual But Impossible Club Suit Transporation Medley"

by H. Groot

It's impossible, for this contract to be made, it's just impossible  
It's impossible, 'cause I have to lose a spade, it's just impossible  
When you bid spades, you bid signified to me you had the ace  
And as usual this contract's a disgrace  
for to take all thirteen tricks is just impossible.

Once I had a club suit, I made it run  
I made it run all the way  
Once I had a club suit, and now it's done  
and I don't know what to play.

It's not unusual to be set a trick or two  
It's not unusual for your entries to be few  
But when I see you lead a deuce and finesse a nine  
It's not unusual, to see me cryin' (I wanna die)

Transportation, no more transportation  
Transportation, the board I cannot reach  
First I tried to ruff a spade  
and I thought I had it made  
Over-ruff, man that's tough, Oh-h-h-h  
Transportation, no more transportation  
Transportation, the board I cannot reach.



At North American I was introduced to Mid-West (MW) filking. A group of around a half dozen filkers rotated performing, with performers entering and leaving - there were around 10 or so total. Anyone with a guitar could join and sing, claiming a spot in the rotation by strumming a guitar before someone else did. There were occasional songs A Capella but not many. Very few songs referred directly to specific stories/people. There was a mixture of fun songs and ballads, but most stood on their own. The ballads were very impressive. Of course, the fact that I was hearing them for the first time contributed to the effect. Also, several of the performers either had excellent voices (such as Margaret M.) or good "stage presence", or both. Sometimes several filkers would stage a mini-play ("Have some Madira, My Dear").

To compare myself to this group is not really fair - they've been working at it far longer (Stardrive/Reminder was written the year I was born), they can back themselves with instruments (I haven't learned to sing through a harmonica), and they've written songs with the idea of performing at a MW filksing. However, in a year or so I hope to make the comparison more reasonable. I now sing regularly (in a SPEBSQSA chorus), so my voice should improve. I am learning guitar, and I am starting work on expanding my repertoire for performances. I'm not saying that I'll reach the heights of pro-filk, but I expect to be comfortable performing as part of a group.

Back to writing. To take things a little further, let me point out that songs written about a specific book, movie, TV show, etc., are much easier to write than these that aren't. The characters, their personalities, their universe is already established. For a TV series such as Star Trek, most of us probably watched it in reruns until we didn't care if we ever saw it again. There are hundreds of situations, personalities, and they are seen almost identically by everyone who watched the show (TV tends to do this). With books, not everyone has read them, and the internal image that each person gets is somewhat different. When you start your filksong from scratch, you have to provide the scene.

One reason I mention Star Trek is the low opinion most people have of those who watch it, write songs about it, etc. I think it's just because it's so easy to write a filksong about it that poor filksongs get written. Beginners tend to start here, then either stop or "graduate" to other areas, leaving their first (read worst) efforts to ST. Margaret said that "50 Tribbles" was a relief, as all the other ST songs were about either Blistered Thighs or Stopped Up Plumbing (or words to that effect). I haven't watched ST for years, but I think that some good songs can and should be written. Whether mine qualify I leave up to you.

I warned you last time this was coming, in plenty of time for you to cancel your subscription (or at least tear out my pages without reading them.



Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic (Of Course)

"Gory, Gory (Star Trek)"

by Harold Groot

We need more men in Security, our gallant Captain cried  
At the last planet we visited, a dozen of them died  
from exploding rocks or lightning bolts or in volcanos fried  
While officers lived on.

Gory, gory, what a hell-of-a-way to die  
Gory, gory, what a hell-of-a-way to die  
Gory, gory, what a hell-of-a-way to die  
While officers live on.

If you want your life expectancy to vanish into space  
just beam down with the Captain to some strange and lovely place  
of your scattered clumps of atoms they will hardly find a trace  
While officers live on

Chorus

When Captain Kirk was killed by Spock, he wasn't really dead  
And Spock in turn survived a cavity inside his head  
But in Security you don't survive, or so 'tis said  
Just officers live on.

Chorus

When Nomad zapped our engineer, McCoy was at a loss  
But Nomad fixed him up again on orders from the boss  
Were Scotty in Security, he'd now be turned to moss  
But officers live on

Chorus

They shot poor Ensign Chekov but revived him in the end  
McCoy, when punctured by a lance, was sent below to mend  
But when Security men die, it never is pretend  
But officers live on.

Chorus

So if Star Fleet wants to send you to their Security school  
if you accept that role I think you acting quite the fool  
for only series regulars survive, that is the rule  
And maybe the Guest Star.

Chorus



Before leaving ST, a question. I started to write a song "Who Put the Tribbles in the Quadrotriticale" to the tune "Who Put the Overalls in Mrs. Murphy's Chowder". Robert L said he thought it had already been done - does anybody know for sure?

Turning to filksongs about where I work - by the time you get this it will be November, the summer will be far behind. So let me take you back - Outside, it's 80/90 (80°F, 90% humidity). Jimmy Carter has asked that thermostats be kept at 78° "to save oil". How we'll do this when Duquesne Light uses only coal and nuclear energy was not explained. This is a true story (well, not the tar and toast), and it was sent to those it's addressed to.

Tune: Yesterday

"To those who control the temperature (or, is this what they mean by a meltdown?)"

by Harold Groot

What a crew  
My thermometer says 82  
Jimmy Carter would be proud of you  
The Government could never sue  
Suddenly  
My thermometer says 83  
and the sweat is pouring off of me  
For cooler air I sent my plea.

I have seen the setting upon the thermostat  
But, it's somewhere else - it don't measure where I'm at

In PR  
It is cooler over where they are  
Here in QC you could melt some tar  
even though windows are ajar.  
We have called  
We have almost come right out and bawled  
but our cries for air have all been stalled  
At our condition I'm appalled

You say that there's nothing that you, yourself, can do  
Would you say the same thing if this happened to you

Here we roast  
All our sandwich bread has turned to toast  
This has now become a hardship post  
It's cooler air I miss the most

I've mentioned that I take fairly frequent trips as a Quality Control Representative. Here's a song about that.



Tune: Please Come to Boston

"Inspector Man"

by Harold Groot

Please come to Boston for inspection  
The RPCP just passed it's vibration test  
DCAS says the underlip's not painted  
and he's holding up the processing of all the rest  
Please Come to Boston, My Boss said "Yes, You'd better go on up"  
He said Inspector Man, you'd better take a look  
You know Boston like a book  
There's one-way streets and not a sign in sight  
But you get to go to Squire's every night

Please come to Cleveland for Inspection  
There's nine detectors here that were released by our QC  
You can see a leak test if you want to  
And Acceptance Data Test Sheets were reviewed by Me  
Please come to Cleveland, My Boss said yes, You'd better go on up  
He said Inspector Man, you'd better take a trip  
If they're not perfect they don't ship  
Check the subtler certs and tell me what you find  
'Cause I know that their inspectors are half-blind.

An Inspector's trips go on and on  
I doubt that they're ever gonna stop  
But with all the defects I have found  
Surveillance I can't drop  
The DD-250 must be signed by Me.

Please come to LaGrange to look at cables  
The X-rays must be seen and pull test samples torn apart  
The calibration system is in order  
and if they don't ship on time I think that it might break my heart  
Please come to LaGrange, My Boss said Yes, You'd better go on up.  
He said Inspector Man, your reservation's made  
of course, your flight might be delayed  
Your suitcase may have been sent to St. Lou  
And that's why I don't go instead of you.

Getting back to Science Fiction filksongs. Several people have stated they wanted their songs to be the YMM of this or that. I'm not looking for that specifically, but this one has the best change of any I've written.



Tune: Billy Boy

"Spaceman Billy"

by Harold Groot

Oh, where have you been, Billy Boy, Billy Boy  
Oh, where have you been, Spaceman Billy  
I have wed a BEM  
With three eyes upon a stem  
She's a young thing and just now left her mother.  
(Similarly)

Can she fuse some hydrogen  
She can fuse some hydrogen, and then change it back again.

Can she jump in hyperspace  
She can jump in hyperspace, just like any of her race.

Can she whistle in true speech  
She can whistle in true speech, even high notes I can't reach.

Can she jump around in time  
She can jump around in time and commit the perfect crime.

Is she currently employed  
She is currently employed, teaching Soccer to a 'Droid

Can she write a new filksong  
She just wrote a new filksong, Harold Shea meets Old King Kong.

Would she like to have a child  
Yes, I think she wants a child, when I asked her she just smiled.

Do you think that she'll conceive  
Yes, I think that she'll conceive, tho the others dis-believe.

Will the child look like you  
Yes, the child will look like me, on that point we both agree.

Will it also look like her  
It will also look like her, being covered with pink fur.

Of what sex will your child be  
That's a puzzle for you see, my wife's people-they have 3  
But they choose one, before they leave their mother.

Will your child go to school  
Yes, my child will go to school, for you cannot break that rule  
Even young things must someday leave their mother.

Will your child be good at sports  
He will be quite good at sports, once we get it through the courts  
Even young things can show off for their mothers.



Will his sport be basketball  
Playing hoop he's sure to shine, for he stands at 8'9"  
Even though he is shorter than his mother.

While at North Americon, besides listening, I also wrote a filksong about the convention.

Tune: We Will All Go Together When We Go

"We Will All Room Together When We Room"

by Harold Groot

When you attend Americon  
It is sad to have to ponder on  
the fact that there are others quite as broke as you  
And you may have thought it tragic  
Not to mention other adjec -  
tives, to think that in some rooms there are but two  
But don't you worry  
None of us has any money  
But it surely would look funny  
If we would let ourselves be stopped by that  
for if nine people need to crash  
they will all cough up some cash  
and our bill will be paid in nothing flat

And we will all room together when we room  
And if you need sleep this will be your doom  
There is no trace of the carpet  
it's as crowded as the tar pit  
and it smells like the inside of a tomb.

We will all eat together when we eat  
you have to be fast if you want a seat  
to the waiter with our order  
all we left him was a quarter  
Not too big, but more tender than the meat.

You will all turn directly to page 17 in your hymnal  
If you don't own one I sell them and the price is simply criminal  
and we will all sing together when we sing  
and as usual confusion is the king  
no one here can stay on key  
it sounds like a giant donkey  
or a big flock of buzzards on the wing.

We will all go together when we go  
although it makes my Omni sort of slow  
it was not meant to seat six  
and what's worse they smell like beatniks  
but at 10 bucks a head I'll make some dough.



Jumping to Diplomacy - this was an unsuccessful entrant in RBL's contest in TMG. He later mentioned that some songs seemed "addressed" to him, and while he didn't mind songs on personalities, they should be relevant. I never asked if this song caused his comment, but if it did, I have two comments. First, I think the reference is valid. And second, I wanted to filk a filk.

Taking the original filk, it seems completely proper to put some name where RBL's is.

Tune: Funiculi Funicula

"My Silk Hat"

One day, I took with me upon the subway.  
My high silk hat, my high silk hat  
I laid, it on the subway seat beside me  
My high silk hat, my high silk hat  
A big, fat lady came and sat upon it  
My high silk hat, my high silk hat  
A big fat lady came and sat upon it  
My high silk hat, it looked like that (hold hands close together)

Christopher Columbus, what do you think of that  
A big fat lady sat right upon my hat  
My hat she broke now what's the joke my hat she broke  
Now what's the joke  
Christopher Columbus, now what do you think of that?

"What do you Think of That"

by Harold Groot

Some think, alliances should be forever  
and so do I, and so do I  
But some, will think relations are to sever  
and make me cry, and make me cry

I asked my neighbor what were his suggestions  
about a line, a neutral line  
But he decided not to answer questions  
He crossed that line, for German Wine

Ally, to enemy, what do you think of that?  
His list, of centers, now is growing fat  
retreating fast and crying hard,  
cornered now in my backyard  
Robert Bryan Lipton, now what do you think of that?



Some think, a long acquaintance will not backstab  
he'll take a draw, a two way draw  
But when, he's faced with centers that he can nab  
his friendly hand turns to a claw.

I thought, that we had made a demarcation  
between us two, we almost drew  
But he, just had to take just one more nation  
and now I'm blue, backstabbed and blue.

Back stabbed, back stabbed, what do you think of that  
Ten years of friendship, gone in nothing flat  
I stare at him and he just squirms  
for now we aren't on speaking terms  
Robert Bryan Lipton, now what do you think of that?

"My Silk Hat" is the first of this issue's filksongs old. I promised this one  
last time, for all you cavers

Tune: Can't Help but Wonder Where I'm Bound

"I Can't Stand this Passage Anymore"

Through this dark and muddy hole  
I grovel like a mole  
as I crawl down passages that wind  
by the flame of carbide light  
I explore this blackest night  
and it seems like I have lost my mind.  
And I can't stand this passage anymore, anymore,  
And I can't stand this passage anymore.

As I crawl through the mud  
My mouth gets filled with crud  
And I think that I have lost my shoe  
All the people that I see  
Are grubby as can be  
Somehow I think they must be cavers too.  
Well, I had some skin one time  
On an elbow black with grime  
But I left it in a passage far away  
And the skin upon my knee  
I nevermore will see  
Why do I take my pleasure in this way?



Well I had a friend who caved  
And of the sport he raved  
And his underground travels took him far  
After years of cuts and bruises  
We find that now he chooses  
To stay under the weather at a bar

Now if you see me crawling by  
And you sit and wonder why  
And you think you'd like to be a caver too  
Grab your grungies and your light, we leave at ten tonight  
For caving is the thing we love to do.

(No pause; round)

We are cavers

We are cavers

and we love

and we love

Crawling through the muddy

Crawling through the dusty

Underground

Underground

And since it's the season, some skifik. Possibly it will be new to  
Mark's friend.

Tune: Whiffenpoof Song

"Ski, Ski, Ski"

When the old year makes its exit, and we usher in the new,  
At a refuge in the hills we love so well;  
Then we gather 'round the fire and we guzzle down the "glu",  
And singing, we invoke St. Peter's spell.  
We are doctors and lawyers and students we,  
Ski, ski, ski.  
We are smeared with the grime of cities, you see,  
Ski, ski, ski.  
So that's why we've come back to God's country,  
Back to the land of the snow-covered tree,  
Here to frolic in jollity,  
Ski, ski, ski.



When the summer months are dragging and our skis are down below,  
And our pants and parkas lay on camphored shelves,  
And we sit on cool piazzas and drink in the evening's glow,  
Then our fancies turn to ski dreams of ourselves.  
We are pointing them down on Cannon or Moose,  
Schuss, schuss, schuss.  
We are striving to hold our diaphragm loose,  
Schuss, schuss, schuss.  
Making our turns through a grove of spruce,  
Letting our styles go to the deuce,  
With the gods of the snow we have made our truce,  
Schuss, schuss, schuss.

A variety of methods are displayed on this terrain  
By the neophyte, and so-so, and the kanon!  
There's the Dodges, Kleins, and Pragers, Toni Matt, and Mac McLane  
Exch exhibiting characteristics all their own.  
There are some who ski like a maniac!

Track, track, track.

While others are smooth like a Cadillac!

Track, track, track.

There are some who let their styles go slack,

That's why in a hospital flat on his back,

There lies (\*), alas and alack

Track, track, track.

\*Some recent casualty

So it's doctors and lawyers and students we,  
Ski, ski, ski!

We are cleansed from the grime of the city, you see,  
Ski, ski, ski!

But now we are leaving God's country,

Leaving the land of the snow-covered tree

Bereft of all but a memory, sk., ski, ski!

d finally, a quickie -

Tune: Bell Bottomed Trousers

"Perfect Skier"

Here is to the skier, who points them down the hill  
Cutting all the corners, to get the greatest thrill

Here is to the skier, who skis without a fall

I'd like to drink to him ... but there's no such guy at all.



Whenever I talk with RBL, he tells me how many pages he has written for APA-FILK. I usually respond with a number about half as big. In fact, I told him that due to time restrictions I would probably only send in 2-8 pages this time. However, I would like to give credit where credit is due. A good friend named Lois, who doubles as my secretary where I work, typed the first 12 pages on her own time. Although she didn't ask for anything, she was rewarded with a matched pair of unicorns from the Steuben glass museum. So, she is the one responsible for the large number of pages. Any packages sent to her (through me, since I'm not giving her address) will be forwarded first to the bomb disposal squad.

How many of you out there are interested in joint effort on some filk-songs? I enjoy hashing out verses with others at cons. How much of that is simply enjoyment of doing things you like with a friend, and how much is the fun of the team effort on a song, I don't know. I grant you, it can be done through the APA, but that takes a long time. So I will make this offer - I am willing to help out on anybody's songs. Send me your fragments, your one-liners, the wretched refuse from your teeming brain - I'll take a whack at it. I don't promise anything, especially if I'm as busy as I have been lately. I haven't even looked at those from APA yet. But I hope to have more time in the future.

Speaking of time, it's amazing how much time one can gain by not watching TV. I do not have a TV - I gave them away (one even worked). I found out that I had enough time to write the following (tune: I'm Happy When I'm Hiking).

#### I Gave Away My TV

by Harold Groot

I gave away my TV  
I don't miss it much  
I gave away my TV  
Imagination's crutch  
I have more time for reading\*      \*or writing, etc.  
Though I'm called a freak  
I said it's a crime  
Wasting so much time  
10, 20, 30, 40, 50 hours a week!

Is anyone out there interested in four part harmony? As a member of the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barbershop Quartet Singing in America (SPEBSQSA - Barber Shop, two words dummy (me, that is)), I have the music and could work up some lyrics. It would have to be for people who live in the same general area or who could get to the same cons. Let me know, anyway.

Speaking of SPEBSQSA, our chorus was at the district tournament yesterday. Although we didn't do well in the tournament, the partying afterwards was better than at any con I've been to. I also found some people interested when I told them of filksinging. Maybe they'll wind up writing and/or singing. While on the way back I wrote a filksong on the instant friendships that are made by grabbing passers-by and coercing them into joining a new quartet. Maybe I can get our arranger to work out four parts and our quartet will perform it some day. The title is "Would You Like to Form a Quartet", to the tune of "Would You Like to Swing on a Star" (or would you rather be a bass, lead, etc.). It needs more work, so maybe nextish.



The last song for this isn't finished. So far, I've seen comedies and tragedies in the ranks of filkdom. So I decided to fill in (partly) a gaping hole - the histories. Yes, I know there are some that go in this direction to an extent (Filthy Pierre's on Heinlein's Future History, for example\*), but they are rare, and still tend towards comedy. So I decided to do the history of Pern, and to do it straight. Think of it as a Teaching Ballad. So far, I've only got hold of five books in the two series. The sixth is not yet out in paperback. But that isn't the only reason this song isn't finished. I expect this to be a very long song. I'm only going to give six verses here, but they cover only a small portion of what happened. These verses are really an introduction to the rest - they cover what happened long before the stories take place. Finding out what happened is an important part of several of the books. Anyway, here it is. The tune is "Ghost Riders in the Sky".

### Dragon Riders in the Sky

by Harold Groot

The pioneers to Rukbat went, a golden G type star,  
It had five planets and a stray that had come from afar,  
One planet was enveloped by some air that man could breath,  
It even had a gentle, not oppressive, gravity.

So Rukbat III was colonized, man did that every place  
That he could find a planet that would fit the human race.  
The colonists were left alone, they never found out why,  
'Cause all at once some silver threads came falling from the sky.

With contact broken with the Earth, the colonists began,  
To breed the grubs and animals they hoped would rescue man.  
They started with the Fire Lizards, 'cause they went Between,  
They bred them up to Dragon size, blue bronze brown gold and green.

Breathing out fire, searing the thread  
Dragon riders in the sky.

They also started breeding grubs, to eat the threads that fall  
They spread the word to "watch for grubs" at ev'ry Farmcraft hall  
But the reason for the grubs was lost as Dragons saved all Pern,  
The farmers said "If we find grubs, our fields we must burn."

You must excuse the farmers, for there was a time of flight,  
Volcanoes shook and rocked the land and lava lit the night.  
The people, in a hurry, left the southern continent,  
By the time they carved rock into caves, their fuel had all been spent.

The Red Star left, the people spread, the Dragons prospered too  
And when the Red Star came again they knew just what to do,  
So once again they flew on high, and chewed the phosphine rock.  
They soon forgot that they'd been bred, from Fire Lizard stock.

Breathing out fire, searing the thread,  
Dragon riders in the sky.

(to be continued here if I'm ever desperate for material)

, Lest Darkness Fall,  
Emolished Man, and  
Ian McKensie

*Keep on Filking! Harold*



# ANAKREON

#3, APA-Filk Mailing #4

1, November 1979

## BROACH A PUNCHEON IN THE DUNGEON

For reasons explained on page 8, the song originally planned for this space cannot be printed here. However, inspiration has not been silent, and these verses will lead off the current issue. They are mostly my own work, with some assistance from Albert A. Nofi and the commercial enterprises of Schmidt and Piels. The tune is, of course, "Roll Me Over in the Clover".

Oh, this was Level One, and I didn't have much fun.

CHORUS: Roll the dice and open the door and do it again.  
Broach a puncheon, in the dungeon,  
Roll the dice and open the door and do it again.

Oh, this is Level Two, and with luck we might win through.

CHORUS:

Oh, this is Level Three, and the Orcs are chasing me.

CHORUS:

Oh, this is Level Four, and It's breaking down the door.

CHORUS:

Oh, this is Level Five, and Its corpse has come alive.

CHORUS:

Oh, this is Level Six, and we're fighting Giant Ticks.

CHORUS:

Oh, this is Level Seven, and I'm Armor Class Eleven.

CHORUS:

Oh, this is Level Eight, and this Trollwife wants a mate.

CHORUS:

Oh, this is Level Nine, and now she'd like to dine.

CHORUS:

Oh, this is Level Ten, and we're in the Green Slime's den.

CHORUS:

Oh, this is Level Eleven, and it surely isn't heaven.

CHORUS:

Oh, this is Level Twelve, and my axe has lost its helve.

CHORUS:

Oh, this is Level Thirteen, and I'm dead.



## NAME THAT TUNE!

I should like to draw on the accumulated expertise of APA-Filk members to get the other verses, and the tune, of a folk/filk/song. This song is sung at a drunken party in Jock Carroll's comic novel The Shy Photographer, and it apparently sings the praises of a Highland regiment, Glen Whorple. The verses quoted in the book are:

They were founded by McAdam wha of all men was the first  
He resided in Glen Eden where he pippit fit to burst  
With a fig leaf for a spurran and a perfect Hieland thirst  
Till he stole away the apple from Glen Whorple.

CHORUS: HECHT! Glen Whorple Hieland men  
Great strong whyskey-suppin' Hieland men  
Hard-working, hairy-legged Hieland men  
Slantie mohr Glen Whorple!

When the bonnie pipes are skirlin' and the lads are on parade  
Wi' the braw Glen Whorple tartan and the claymore and the plaid  
And the sergeant-major's sober and the Colonel's not afraid  
O' seein' tartan spiders in Glen Whorple.

CHORUS:

The flyleaf claims that The Shy Photographer was published by Stein & Day in 1964 and by Bantam in 1965. But the reader will find an ambience of the early 1950's, with the Korean War talked of as current, many men having recent memories of service in World War II, and the heroine patently being Marilyn Monroe. (She is called "Gloria Heaven", but she is Monroe as ever was.) It seems that the book was originally published by Maurice Girodias in Paris, and marketed for years at the Librairie Anglaise on the Left Bank to British and American tourists looking for some raunch. The book's hero, a Cree Indian named Arthur King, is like author Carroll a Canadian. Unlike Carroll, he is a naive youth who gets educated in the ways of the American publishing world by several cynical friends, becomes a photographer for Light magazine (ahahaha!), and turns out a bit better than his obvious model Candide. Playing Martin to his Candide is a cynical American named Joe Morgan, who is Carroll's mouthpiece and makes the book both comic and trenchant.

In the same drinking party is a verse from another World War II song which I've never heard elsewhere, and on which I would also like more information. It is:

Here we come  
Full of rum,  
Looking for women  
Who peddle their bum  
In the North Atlantic Squadron!

And does anybody out there happen to have the words and music for "Dirty Gertie from Bizerte"?

## THE MINISTRY OF MISCELLANY

This issue of ANAKREON is apparently going to run to 8 pages, which leads to an interesting sort of geometric progression. Bob Lipton ran about 2 pages' worth from me in the 1st Mailing; ANAKREON #1 was 4 pages in the 2nd Mailing, and ANAKREON #2 was 6 pages in the 3rd Mailing. Now this one is 8 pages in the 4th Mailing. By mathematical induction, it can be demonstrated that the Nth Mailing of APA-Filk will include ANAKREON #(N-1), which will have 2N pages.

They'll Sing in Someone Else's Room Next Time! #1 (Middleton): Your ballad "Ian & Kensie" reminds me of a theme which Robert Graves professes to find common in various Mediterranean mythologies - the rival twin brothers, one fair and the other dark.

(continued on p. 7)



## THE LAUNCHING OF THE "GOOD SHIP VENUS"

In ANAKREON #2 I commented briefly on the evidence that "The Good Ship Venus" is of English origin. I had known this song to a rollicking tune; its first verse and its best known one are:

It was on the good ship Venus,  
And by Christ you should have seen us.  
The figurehead was a whore in bed,  
And the mast was a rampant penis.:

The cabin boy was chipper,  
A cunning little nipper.  
He filled his ass with broken glass  
And circumcized the skipper.

However, there was a filksinging session in the convention suite of Unicon, held at the Shoreham in Washington on 20-22 July 1979. There, sometime early Sunday morning, I heard quite another tune from a charming, knowledgeable, and talented lady who filks in the Society for Creative Aelfgar under the name of "Peregryn Wyndryder". Her version was to a slower tune that bore some resemblance to "The Frozen Logger", and which had a chorus, unlike the version with which I was familiar:

Friggin' in the riggin'  
Friggin' in the riggin'  
Friggin' in the riggin'  
There was fuck all else to do.

The rhymes suggests that "The Good Ship Venus" is of English rather than American origin, as I pointed out in ANAKREON #2. But this chorus confirms it, and in addition tells us what kind of a ship gave birth to the song. "Fuck all" is a British phrase meaning "absolutely nothing". It sometimes appears as "Sweet fuck all", as a bowdlerized abbreviation "Sweet F. A.", and in expanded form as "Sweet Fanny Adams".

I have a collection of songs of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, which includes this expression in demi-bowdlerized form as "Sweet damn all", which just does not carry conviction. One verse goes:

There is a small cookhouse, not far away,  
Where we get sweet damn all three times a day.  
Ham and eggs we never see, damn-all sugar in our tea,  
And we are gradually fading away.

The chorus is the famous "Old Soldiers Never Die", though this version was probably unknown to General MacArthur when he quoted it in his Farewell Address in 1951. The reference to tea indicates that the Americans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade picked up the tune from their British colleagues in the defense of the Spanish Republic in 1936-39.

But the line "There was fuck-all else to do" indicates that the sailor who first assembled these words could not have served aboard a merchantman. Merchant princes see every seaman as another chunk out of profits, so they have traditionally hired too few crewmen and then worked them half to death. On the other hand, warships need a lot of men to fight, and often don't have enough real work for them between leaving port and arriving at the scene of action. So the bored sailor who originated this song was probably serving aboard one of H. M. ships of war.

But, you might ask, there are other ships whose crews get bored? Troop transports, emigrant ships, convict ships would be obvious places for boredom. However, the verses of "The Good Ship Venus" are directly against the captain, the mates, the bo'sun, and the cabin boy - traditional targets of sailors' discontents. These are crewmen, not voluntary or involuntary passengers, and they are loosing their scorn at the traditional targets.

More information about "The Good Ship Venus", as well as its American offshoot "Christopher Columbo", will be found in a book indispensable for the filksinger's library: The Erotic Muse (Ed Cray, ed.), Pyramid, 1972. Cray claims that the tune he gives for "The Good Ship Venus" is related to that of "Yankee Doodle", so he apparently knows a third version.



# ADDITIONAL VERSES FOR "THAT OLD-TIME RELIGION"

Over the past ten years, there has been a remarkable religious phenomenon taking place in the United States of America. The worship of various ancient gods and goddesses is being revived, with modern modifications and additions. Neo-Paganism is the term most commonly used for this belief system, and the curious are referred for further details to The Encyclopedia of American Religions by J. Gordon Melton or Drawing Down the Moon by Margot Adler. (Both books are published in 1979; the former is written by a not unsympathetic Protestant minister and the latter by a witch of great erudition and influence.)

Neo-Paganism does not, with a few exceptions, take itself awfully seriously. This fact shows up in a version of the Fundamentalist Protestant hymn "That Old-Time Religion" which Neo-Pagans sing to the original tune. Since the Reformation, Protestants have claimed that they are rescuing Christianity from accretions of Paganism and bureaucracy, and restoring the original form. Neo-Pagans go them one better, and invoke the deities of even older religions.

The following verses are my own addition. For others, see your friendly neighborhood witch - but be warned that some of them are very friendly.

We will bow down to Perkunas  
And we'll chant Old Baltic runos  
Save the dolphins and the tunas,  
And that's good enough for me!

We will worship old Poseidon  
And the dolphin he's a-ridin'  
Though it has a scaly hide on,  
Still, that's good enough for me!

We will run the Luperalia  
With our leather paraphernalia,  
Substitute for genitalia,  
That's not good enough for me!

We will go and worship Jesus,  
Yes, we will, when Hades freezes,  
He is full of guilt and fleases,  
Which ain't good enough for me!

We will go and worship Maui,  
With that Polynesian zowie,  
And he'll give us Maui wowee,  
Which is good enough for me!

We will go and worship Brahma,  
Like a sadhu or a lama,  
Clad in less than a pyjama,  
And that's good enough for me!

We will all go worship Loki  
And he'll tell a dirty jokie,  
And get locked up in the pokey,  
But that's good enough for he!

We will pray for Ruthie Carter,  
That she may become much smarter,  
And put on a Witch's garter,  
And that's good enough for me!

We will go to Utgard Castle,  
We'll watch Thor and Elli wrassle,  
Thor will have a lot of hassle,  
But that's good enough for me!

We will go and worship Frigga,  
And the men will be much bigga,  
And we\* won't have a hair-trigga,  
And that's good enough for me!

We will bow down to Astarte,  
And we'll have a great big party,  
And your welcome will be hearty,  
And that's good enough for me!

We will worship Frey and Freya,  
Yao and Vesta, Lugh and Gaea -  
Any more? - Perun and Maia!  
And that's not enough for me!

\* - Women, of course, would sing "they" at this point. Persons of less definite sexual preferences may do as they please.

## THE MINISTRY OF MISCELLANY

ANAKREON is published quarterly by John Boardman, 234 East 19th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11226, U. S. A. It is published through APA-Filk, the filksingers' amateur press association, whose editor is Bob Lipton, 556 Green Place, Woodmere, New York 11598. APA-Filk is published quarterly, on the four major Neo-Pagan festivals, which may not be exactly an accident. (But you'll have to ask Bob about that.) ANAKREON also goes to other people who have expressed an interest in the subject of filksinging, or whom I think might be interested/ing.



## OH SKANDALUTZ!

Not many Americans are aware of the Four And A Half Kingdoms, five small sovereign states high in the Balkan Massif. Reports on their history and current events have frequently appeared in my war-gaming fanzines GRAUSTARK and EMPIRE.

In the order of their establishment, the Four And A Half Kingdoms are the Kingdom of Skandalutz, the Temporary Roman Empire, the Pravoslavnician Patrimony of Polykarp, the Grand Duchy of Wogastisburg-Schlampenbüttel, and the People's Republic (formerly Kingdom) of Pundschdruk. (The Grand Duchy is technically a fief of the Holy Roman Empire, and is thus the "half kingdom".)

Oldest and most interesting is Skandalutz. The Skandals have been in the Balkan Massif as far back as any records go, and in 1902 Henry Fairfield Osborn confirmed that the arch in the main marketplace of the capital is made of mammoth ivory. The principal Skandalous festival occurs on the Winter Solstice, and is an orgiastic affair drawing tourists from all over the world. The new King of Skandalutz is chosen by lot from among all males in attendance. The high point of the Festival is the Sacred Feast, at which the previous King is sacrificed to the Mother Goddess, cooked, and eaten.

The following verses are to the tune variously known as O Tannenbaum, The Red Flag, or Maryland, My Maryland. They were collected as sung by A. A. Nofi, J. Boardman, R. B. Lipton, E. Jones, and D. Meinshausen in a rented van on US 95 on the way back from a war-gamers' convention on 24 June 1979.

Oh Skandalutz, oh Skandalutz	You serve him up before the Court.
To be there now at Solstice time,	Oh Skandalutz, oh Skandalutz,
To taste all pleasures of the fest,	How well you serve your noble King.
And rest my haad on priestess' breast.	Oh Skandalutz, oh Skandalutz,
Oh Skandalutz, oh Skandalutz,	How honest is thy lottery!
To be there now at Solstice time.	Of all the men who come to swing,
Oh Skandalutz, oh Skandalutz,	There's one at random chosen King.
Of all the faiths, thine is most pure.	Oh Skandalutz, oh Skandalutz,
The priestesses with great aplomb	How honest is thy lottery!
Preserve the ancient rites of Mom.	Oh Skandalutz, oh Skandalutz,
Oh Skandalutz, oh Skandalutz,	To be there now at Solstice time.
Of all the faiths, thine is most pure.	When we will all in chorus sing,
Oh Skandalutz, oh Skandalutz,	"I hope I'm not elected King."
How well you serve your noble King.	Oh Skandalutz, oh Skandalutz,
When he has served his term so short,	To be there now at Solstice time.

The folk process has, of course, added more verses not specifically related to the Winter Solstice festival. The Skandalous Army is mostly female, and uses traditional methods of reducing the martial valor of any invading soldiers. There are two all-male units: the Titanian Guard, which serves the same purpose if the invaders are insensible to the attractions of the regular army, and the Queen's Own Body Guard, which is charged with serving the person of the Queen. These verses, collected at the same time as those above, are:

Oh Skandalutz, oh Skandalutz,	Oh Skandalutz, oh Skandalutz,
How stalwart is thy soldiery.	Thy women's valor guards thy land.
If you have muscles strong and hard,	Whenever off to war they go,
Then join the Queen's Own Body Guard.	They drain the ardor of the foe.
Oh Skandalutz, oh Skandalutz,	Oh Skandalutz, oh Skandalutz,
How stalwart is they soldiery.	They women's valor guards thy land.

It is customary at the Winter Solstice Sacred Feast to serve up foreign Kings according to the cuisine of their native country. For example, in 1905 Count Stroganov was served as "Count, Stroganov", and in 1975 the Italian Anarchist Alfredo Pienomerde was served as, among other things, "Insalda degli Cogli-one Reale" and "Fettucine Alfredo". The 1976 King was an American, John "Bur-



gers" McDonald, of a well-known American restaurateur family. For the Sacred Feast of 1976 he was mixed with several hundred pounds of ground beef, thus providing all feasters instead of merely the head tables with a portion of the sacrifice.

This unprecedented occurrence inspired Evan Jones to write the following memorial verses, to the tune of The Bonnie Dundee:

#### THE BALLAD OF JOHNNIE McD.

Come fill up my cup, don't bother my plate,  
Come grind up the sausage and call out your mate,  
Make sure that no clothing gets mixed in with he:  
Oh beware of the buttons of Johnnie McD.!

The King was elected, the Orgy was had,  
The Feast was prepared for, the cooks cooked like mad.  
He was sure a real man without thought to flee,  
Oh beware of the buttons of Johnnie McD.!

He leapt in the pot ere the hour was up,  
He was put through the grinder ere guests sat to sup.  
And they washed down his studs with brandy and tea.  
Oh beware of the buttons of Johnnie McD.!

The present Skandalous King is the virile young Italian-American actor Silvester Millevolta, star of Saturday Night Lively, Gism, and Inch by Inch. The end of his reign will take place about six weeks before the next Mailing of APA-Filk. The management of ANAKREON will make every effort to secure the text of any song produced upon this occasion, and will publish it if possible. The assistance of all readers of ANAKREON is asked in this effort.

#### MY GOD, HOW THE DRAGONS ROLL IN!

(Supplement)

Six verses of this song, to the obvious tune of "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean", appeared six months ago in ANAKREON #1. One was crowded out, and others have since been added.)

The Dale was a prosperous kingdom,  
The Dwarfs heaped up gold by the bin.  
Their balance of trade was their downfall,  
My god, how the dragons roll in!

CHORUS: Roll in, roll in, my god how the dragons roll in, roll in,  
Roll in, roll in, my god how the dragons roll in!

They thrived in the dim Mesozoic,  
A diverse assortment of kin.  
But can you believe they had feathers?  
My god, how the dragons roll in!

CHORUS:

There once was a giant named Fafnir,  
Who robbed and then murdered his twin.  
Can you guess what he got turned into?  
My god, how the dragons roll in!

CHORUS:

(NOTE: Since many of these tales originated in polytheistic cultures, it might be more appropriate to sing "My gods, how the dragons roll in!")



THE MINISTRY OF MISCELLANY (continued from p. 2)

Sing & Spiel #1 (Blackman): I missed a come-back that will haunt me the rest of my life when Isaac Asimov sang "Clone of My Own" at Xenicon in April. He introduced the song by giving a brief account of the role of X- and Y-chromosomes, but he mis-spoke himself: "Two X's mean a male, and an X and a Y mean a female." In a few seconds he realized he had made a mistake, and he corrected himself. I was in the audience at the time, and the proper come-back came to me just a couple of minutes too late. I should have cried, "That's for the birds!" With birds, it is the female that contributed the sex-determining chromosome to the offspring.

Filksongs Old and New #2 (Groot): Help beautify the universe! Shave a Tribble today!

Ravings of a Tone-Deaf Bard #2 (Richards): I know that, to the devotees of the Slobbovia gaming system, it seems as if it is an all-pervading thing in which everyone ought to be interested. But there actually seems to be, in APA-Filk, a sizable number of aren't too well up on Diplomacy or Dungeons & Dragons, let alone Slobbovia.

This is

O At  
P Great  
E Intervals  
R This  
A Appears  
T To  
I Inflamm  
C Optic  
N Nerves

# 951

APA-Filk #3 announcement (Lipton): For the benefit of people who get ANAKREON but not APA-Filk I'll repeat some of this information here. The copy count for APA-Filk #4 is 50, due by 1 November 1979. The editor is Bob Lipton, whose address appears on p. 4. Non-contributors can get APA-Filk for \$1.25 plus postage; contributors need only pay postage. Including postage costs, APA-Filk #1 is \$1.03, #2 is \$2.29. "It is recommended that interested people send a few bucks" - to Bob, not to me. APA-Filk #3, with postage, will probably be \$1.92.

If you want to contribute, but don't have your own printing facilities, Bob will electrostencil your material for 35¢ a page, and mimeograph it for 35¢ a sheet.

Filksongs Old and New #3 (Groot): I remember The White Deer well, and hereby accept into the canon your addition to "My God(s) How the Dragons Roll In".

"Girls Can Never Change Their Nature" is from an old AYH songbook I've got around the place somewhere. And why bother with merely the printable filksongs? My motto is, "If you can print it, it's printable." "Itazuke Tower", however, was stolen either from or by Oscar Brand, who recorded it as "Teterboro Tower".

Singspiel #2 (Blackman): I fear that dragons wouldn't be kosher, whether milchik or fleischik, under the provisions of Leviticus 11:27.

ANAKREON #2 (me): Although The Winds of Darkover has been re-published, it has not been altered from the original text. However, Marion Zimmer Bradley's The Bloody Sun was extensively revised and expanded. It was for that book, Marion told me, that she had intended to put in the off-hand reference to "The Arilinn Tower". One of the characters briefly whistled or hummed the tune of a song called "The Arilinn Tower", which would have got him torn in pieces if he had sung it on the streets of Thendara. But, alas, Marion neglected to put it into the revision. I suspect it will appear in a future Darkover novel, or a revision of an existing one.

Jody? In a number of army songs from World War II and Korean War I, Jody is the guy who is sleeping with your wife while you're off at the wars. Hence the reference to Aegisthus.

Something of Note #2 (Lipton): Fred Kuhn's first record should be on the market about the time this mailing is.

You may use "The Battle Hymn of the Ranapublic" for anything you please.

All right, maybe I was wrong up at the top of this page. If "Belching Behe-moths", which is "constructed to be completely obscure to anyone who is not a dyed-in-the-wool Slobbovian", can get frequently called for, then there may be a future for Slobbovian filksongs after all.

A billabong is a waterhole. A jumbuck is a male lamb. And "Waltzing Matilda" is one of the first singing commercials, since "Billy" was a brand of tea. (I hope it was better than the beer of the same name.) Incredibly, this song is now the Australian national anthem.

I suppose there is something ludicrously appealing about a Hun who speaks with a



Brooklyn accent. But I still prefer the Huns of Avram Davidson's The Phoenix and the Mirror or Peregrine: Primus. In the latter book, they speak with a stage-Chinese accent that even Charlie Chan would be ashamed of.

Strum und Drang #3 (Burwasser): I intended the "ribbit ribbit" in "The Battle Hymn of the Ranapublic" to be spoken, not sung.

Every so often Mad, a formerly comic magazine, will do a "musical" version of some book, play, or TV show. They did this in Mad #210 (October 1979) to Lord of the Rings, and in the course of the 7-page article they had nine "filksongs". I recognized the tunes to only four of them.

Peregryn Wyndryder was singing a different "Mercenary's Song" lately - I hope I can get the words to that one as well. Parenthetically, I wonder whether Gordon Dickson has ever actually met a mercenary soldier. I have, and I would say that Machiavelli's characterization of them is more accurate than Dickson's.

Your "A Song in Honor of Atlantean Kings of the East" ties in well with my "My Kingdom Lies Under the Ocean" in that Mailing. . . And it also ties in with the geology of Hot Spots. As an oceanic plate drags its way over a hot spot, the lava breaks through and forms a volcano that can rise above the surface. As the plate drifts on, the hot spot is covered up and volcanic activity declines. Then the flow breaks loose again, and another island is formed. The Hawaiian Islands constitute a whole row of such islands, all created by one hot spot, which is now under the active volcanoes on the easternmost island. Well, there's another such situation in the Atlantic. That hot spot has created the Azores, as the plate drifts eastward. There is currently no active volcano in the Azores corresponding to Hawaii's Mauna Loa. So, sometime, we may expect that a volcano will rise up from the ocean bottom some distance west of Flores, presently the westernmost island. If this should come to pass in our own time, the Atlantis enthusiasts will go into convulsions of joy.

Anything poking fun at the Tuchuks or comparable self-appointed barbarians would be very much welcome in APA-Filk.

\*

I had originally intended to print, with her permission, Melissa Williamson's "The Saxons" on page 1 of this publication. (Melissa Williamson is the mundane name of the person cited above as Peregryn Wyndryder.) However, it seems that Peregryn does not answer letters. So we'll have to make do with my own compositions until the coming of the Coqsigrues.

This is a pity, because she is also said to have published a collection of the songs with which she delighted fans this summer at the Darkover and Unicon conventions. This collection is said to be available from her at \$1.50, but may by now be out of print. "The Saxons" was written too late for inclusion in it. If you want to try to order it directly from her, her address is 6974 Wheatham St., Philadelphia, Penn. 19119. But don't be too optimistic.



# 50 WAYS TO TORTURE TERRANS

This is the second Way to Torture Terrans, brought to you through the malevolent intentions of Raymond E. Heuer, 162-10 87th Rd., Jamaica, NY 11432. tel.: (212) 657-7887.

I was very pleased to meet Greg Baker, who borrowed the use of my at-home typewriter for his intended contribution for this disty. He briefly mentioned to me his idea for a filksingers party at his place in Queens. Anybody out there interested?

For those of you who are bothered by such things, the song included last time was to the tune of the song "Please, Mr., please.", recorded, as I mentioned, by Olivia Newton-John.

Somebody had the poor judgement to mention a "Gory, gory" song for D&D. Therefore:

Mine eyes have seen the glory of trashing of a Troll,  
I have witnessed battles underground and on a grassy knoll,  
But the results of dragon-fighting often are quite droll,  
Oh, I ain't gonna fight no more.

Chorus.

We walked up to the dragon's lair down at the mountains' root,  
The dragon we found sleeping there he looked so very cute,  
He woke and breathed upon us, glad I brought my flame-proof suit,  
Oh, I ain't gonna fight no more.

CHORUS.

The carnage wreaked upon us had reduced us to a man,  
(who was myself) we also had a witch whose name was Ann,  
A hobbit and a dwarf. The four of us just turned and ran,  
Oh I ain't gonna fight no more.

Chorus.

The dragon leapt out after us and in pursuit took wing,  
Ann cast a spell of haste and into high gear we did swing,  
The hobbit turned invisible (He had a magic ring.),  
Oh I ain't gonna fight no more.

CHORUS.

The hobbit made a hard left and ran off across the dell,  
The dragon, who loved hobbit steak, chased after him pell mell,  
The hobbit had forgotten all about his sense of smell,  
Oh, he ain't gonna fight no more.

Chorus.

Ann quickly cast Dimension Door to speed us from this rout,  
She badly missed her targ'ting roll, and guess where we came out?  
Approximately 14 inches from the dragon's snout,  
Oh, I ain't gonna fight no more.

CHORUS.

The dwarf, he was the next to go, he got chopped up real good,  
The two of us just stood and watched as though transformed to wood,  
If we apologized to it, would it do any good?  
Oh, I ain't gonna fight no more.

Chorus.



The dragon turned to look at us, and then abruptly died,  
The sword the dwarf had carried had been dipped in cyanide,  
Ann and I looked at each other, and then walked home side by side,  
Oh, we ain't gonna fight no more.

CHORUS.

Oh from our life's adventuring we two have both retired,  
I can't recall the last man, beast, or creature I have ired,  
Unless, of course, you count Ann or the children I have sired,  
Oh, I ain't gonna fight no more.

Glory, glory what a beautiful way to live,  
Glory, glory what a beautiful way to live,  
Glory, glory, what a beautiful way to live,  
Oh I ain't gonna fight no more!

Well, there you have it, a song on request, even. Oh well, it's not Barry Manilow,  
but I guess it'll do.

I don't seem to have anything to comment on, so, to fill up the page, here is something  
a scribbled on the bus going to LunaCon this year. Officially, it's a fragment, as I wanted  
to add some more to it, but never got around to it. It is the filksong that was intended for  
Torture #1.

Tune: Men of Harlech (Again!?!)

What's the use of filksing singing,  
Listening to the rafters ringing,  
Mundane's angry 'phone calls bringing  
The Hotel manager.  
Filthy Pierre's blowpipe piano,  
Keeping up the best it can-o  
Drowning out 'most every fan-o,  
But not ol' John B.  
Rockers keep your disco  
My ears I won't risko  
Give me filk, a glass of milk,  
With cookies that were not baked by Nabisco.  
So sing until your voices do crack,  
If they chase us, we'll just go back,  
Hotel manager got the sack,  
Then came to join in.

I think what is left is best allowed to remain blank spce, especially as I now have  
to leave.

Best wishes,





## MUSIC OF THE SPHERES #1

A not very original title from Harry J.N. Andruschak  
6933 N. Rosemead, #31  
San Gabriel, Cal.  
91775

But of course those of you who lately have met me know why a JPL worker would choose such a title. Those of you who do not know can drop me a postcard and get one of my fanzines in return.

I had not intended to do any contribution for APA-FILK, but wouldn't you know that Robert Bryan Lipton had a comment hook in his zine

RBL... I remember very few songs from my elementary school days. ~~My~~ Addiction in Vietnam followed by gallons of beer a day have made my early memories very dim. But yes....in response to your question.....here is a selection of what I remember

Glory, glory hallelujah  
The teacher hit me with a ruler.  
The ruler broke and so she hit me with a shoe  
and now I'm black and blue  
((to the tune of BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

My Country tis of thee  
sweet land of Germany  
my name is Fritz  
I love the saurkraut  
don't leave the weaners out  
or else you will hear me shout  
MY NAME IS FRITZ

Somewhere in the back of my mind reasts a few snatches of a song my father sang.....  
Say goodby to the old apple tree  
Say goodby to the old apple tree  
They took him by the neck and strung him  
to a limb and their the hung him  
on the branch of the old apple tree

The Martins and the Coys was also sung a lot around the boy scout campfires

\*\*\*\*\*

Woocooops, just noticed the name of Harold Groot. So he did the zine, not Mr. Lipton.

Alright Lipton, would it be too much to ask for some sort of Table of Contents ((TOC)) for the apa mailing? If you don't know what I am talking about, drop me a postcard asking for a copy of THE FANTASY AMATEUR, and you will see what I mean. A very useful item to have in an apa.



being typed the day after the first.

The femmefan I am living with, Beverly Kanter, looked over the first page of this zine.

She noticed the song of Glory, Glory, Hallelujah and said that when she was in the ~~MM~~ San Diego school system, it was generally sung as.....

Mine eyes have seen the glory  
of the burning of the school.  
We have tortured every teacher  
and have broken every rule  
????????????????????  
????????????????????  
As the school goes burning down

Glory, Glory Hallelujah  
Teacher hit me with a ruler  
Så I bopped her on the bean  
with a rotten tangerine  
As the school goes burning

The ????????marks two lines that Beverly has forgotten.

However, this jiggled my memory that in Detroit we sang something like

I've hit my teacher on the noggin  
with my Uncle Dan's tobaggin.....

Beverly says that these are not the missing words....which is understandable as San Diego never has snow while in Detroit it was a fixture of winter.

OK Harold, that is the best I can do for now.



# HEMIDEMI- SEMIQUAVER



Greetings and Hallucinations! This is the first issue of Hemidemisemiquaver, my contribution to APA-Filk. I am

Jordin Kare 2523 Ridge Road #315 Berkeley, CA 94709

(Phone, for anyone willing to pay long distance rates: 415/841-3590)

Hemidemisemiquaver (HDSQ for short), in case you didn't know, is the formal term for a sixty-fourth note. Having retained this bit of musical trivia from a marvellous childhood book called "Words to the Wise.", I'm delighted to find a use for it. Presumably HDSQ #64 will complete a full measure, and I will have to find a new title, but that gives me 16 years to look...

Bio. Sketch (since only Margaret M. is likely to recognize me)--

I'm a 23 yr. old physics grad student at the Univ. of Calif, Berzerkly campus, having finished off an MIT undergrad career in Beautiful Downtown Cambridge a year or so ago. I got into filking via the annual Filthy-Pierre-centered sings at Boskone. Since moving to this coast last Sept., I've been sinking steadily deeper into the morass of fandom in general and filking in particular. I like singing (no great voice, but dogs rarely start howling. . .) and writing lyrics, but alas I play no instrument and have no musical training. Steps Are Being Taken to remedy this--perhaps in a year or so I'll be willing to haul the guitar i've been fumbling with out in public. Or I may have a Witcher harp (anybody out there interested / sizes, in buying harps? Truly Beautiful, in appearance and sound, various handmade. Dragon harps and other specialties built to order. Of order \$200 up) (Just a quick plug -- Jan Witcher is a friend of a filkish friend).

Forward, into the past: comments on #1-3

Starting from the top: And a-one,

Greg Baker: Yes, libraries are wonderful places. There are truly filthy versions of lots of clean songs, too--e.g. collected in "The Erotic Muse" and similar volumes.

The Berkeley undergrad library once had 14 copies of that--there are 3 left, all well-thumbed. Filthy undergrads...

If all else fails, there are always original tunes for filk songs. L. Fish has many, and even I've managed a few. Be Original!

John Boardman: A Moral Victory--amazing how these things stay appropriate over the years. "A Merry Minuet" (by Tom Lehrer?) is even better--15 years old and the first lines are,

"They're rioting in Africa/There's strife in Iran..."

Lazarus.... Repeat until Forcibly Supressed, eh? Did you notice that a recent issue of F&SF contained the worlds longest filksong (Bar None!)? 'Twas submitted to a contest for using SF titles in familiar sayings, and I hope the author will not mind me quoting: All Together Now:



"The Nine Billion Names of God on the Wall,  
The Nine Billion Names of God.  
If One of these Names should happen to fall,  
...."

At this point, the singer is invariably forcibly suppressed--  
but I dare you to sing the whole thing.

And a=two

Bob Lipton: If you haven't been corrected already--correct  
address for Bruce Belz: (Oh, you have been. Never Mind)  
15931 Kalisher Granada Hills CA 91344  
All 4 volumes of the Filksong Manuals were reprinted  
a few months back and are available for \$4.50  
R Comments on Fake Food Song to come.

Where Have All the Martians Gone--don't be too hasty;  
wait a few thousand years till precessional "summer"  
before claiming "no water anywhere"

Lee Burwasser: Limericks. Ai-yi-yi-yi! With regard to  
"deCamping" there is a carefully buried slash at L. Sprague  
hidden in "Highways in Hiding" by Geo. O. Smith using  
the same dubious verb--isn't trivia wonderful.

John Bardman: (a neat typo, that--most appropriate I've made  
all day) 2 pts. for Battle Hymn of the Ranapublic-- sung  
with amusing results at a recent filk party.

And a-three

Harold Groot: Computer songs are a large and respectable  
genre of filk. The Night the Univac Went Down is arcane  
only because Univacs are uncommon compared to DEC and IBM  
machines. As an ex-MIT hack I've got lots of 'em--any  
other computer freaks in the crowd want to see? (You  
surely will sooner or later). Meanwhile, consider this  
verse (from a poem, not a song, filked from "Night before  
Xmas:)

He died at his console, of hunger and thirst.  
They buried him next day, face down, 9 edge first.

Concerning "Stress analysis of a Strapless Evening Gown,"  
this is from a "real" scientific journal, the "Journal of  
Irreproducible Results" (JIR for short). I think in the  
early sixties. JIR is still published--see a large library.  
That and several other papers were collected in a book,  
Science, Sex, and Sacred Cows. Another such journal is  
"The Worm Runner's Digest." Both occasionally print filksongs.

Evan Jones: Loved the PDQ Bach, esp. S. Fri. 13.

Enough comments. Pardon me while I take a short rest ( / )

To whomever is keeping track of songs sung: "Dragons Roll In"  
was sung at our last filk party to Amy Falkowitz, aka The  
Dragon Lady (Pern-ish mode--she frequently carries her fire-  
lizard with her) who enjoyed it hugely. I think.



Actually, that turned out to be a helluva long rest--it's now about 5 weeks later than it was last page. Such are my correspondence habits. In that interval I have finished my summer work at the Lawrence Livermore Laboratory, visited Boston (meaning MIT) where I acquired the new MIT songbook and ordered my copy of the new NESFA hymnal, visited Philadelphia (parents), written a new filksong or two, begun practicing guitar & signed up for lessons, started fall classes (including "Music 10A--sight singing" which ought to help my filking. Already I understand (& can sing!) major & minor scales, which always baffled me), ~~got/hattled~~ & so on & so forth. I'm hoping that by the end of this quarter, between guitar & sight-singing, my musical ignorance will have been reduced from universal to merely galactic in scale.

Question: What is the musical background of filkers-- I.E. all you folks out there. Perhaps Kantele should run a survey of the Filk Foundation people (You there, Margaret?) Or does anyone else even care? Obviously there are extremes--from myself (I don't even listen to the radio-- how I got started singing I'll never know) to, say, Karen Willson in LA, who plays 13 instruments and writes music for TV professionally--but is there any recognizable trend?

On to songs:

As I said, there's a whole genre of computer songs (and poems, and cartoons, and tall tales--the computer subculture is perverse, but complete). The following is my only completed computer song, as I have so far avoided getting too deeply into computerfreakdom--there tends to be no way out. \*\*\*\*See Next Page--for ease of Xerox I'll always start real songs at the top of a page\*\*\*\*

By some standards, the PDP song is my most successful song. It won a Boskone filk contest (lots of MIT comp. hackers at that con) and actually got published in "Personal Computing" magazine. I even got paid for it (will wonders never cease)--largely because an editor of Pers. Comp. was at Boskone that year.

I got the idea for the song from a squib in an electronics magazine ("the MacDonald Interface is for EIE I/O") & later learned that someone at project MAC at MIT had written a very similar song a few years earlier and was yelling "Plagiarism!" all over the computer networks when he saw mine. It took a half hour of conversation (via computer terminals, never face to face!) to convince him ~~it~~ it was simply chance duplication--"Great Minds run in the same gutters..." Frustratingly, I've never heard this song sung by anyone else--I was out of the room when they sang it at Boskone, & I haven't had the nerve to inflict it on the local crowd (mostly not computer types)(tho there's that girl in the corner with the flashing lights...)



# The Perverted Digital Processor Song

Words: Jordin Kare

Tune: Old MacDonald

Old Programmer had an 8, EAE I/O,  
And on this 8 he had some core, EAE I/O,  
With an X line here,  
And a Y line there,  
Here a bit, there a bit,  
Everywhere a sense line.  
Old Programmer had an 8, EAE I/O.

Old Programmer had an 8...  
And on this 8 he had a TTY... (pronounced "titty")  
With a Chunk! Chunk! here,  
and a Clunk! Whirr! there,  
Here a Chunk! There a DING!  
Everywhere a misprint.  
Old Programmer had an 8....

...And on this 8 he had punch tape...  
With a sprocket hole here,  
And a sprocket hole there,  
Here a punch, there a punch,  
Everywhere a rubout....

...And on this 8 he had DECTape...  
With a block search here,  
A direct'ry there,  
Here a block, there a block,  
Everywhere a rewind....

...And on this 8 he had a disk...  
With a sector here,  
And a sector there,  
Here a track, there a track,  
Everywhere a head crash...

...And on this 8 he had FORTRAN...  
With a FORMAT here,  
And a Fixed Point there,  
Here an IF, there a DO,  
Everywhere a GO TO...

Old Programmer had an 8, EAE I/O,  
And on this 8 he had software, EAE I/O,  
With a file name here,  
And a Macro there,  
Here a bug, there a bug,  
Everywhere a @\$\*\*\*SYS CRASH\*\*\*  
\*\*\*ERROR 12: INVALID CODE  
ON EAE I/O\*\*\*\*

At the risk of losing my audience, some explanations:  
The PDP-8, built around 1965 by Digital Equip.t Corp. (DEC),  
was the first cheap, practical minicomputer. It's now  
obsolete (\*sigh\*) but for nearly 10 years it was the world's  
most popular small computer, & generations of programmers loved/hated it.  
PDP really stands for Programmed Data Processor (Pretty Damn Poor?).  
Many DEC machines had optional "boxes" to do fast arithmetic; on some  
(tho for strict accuracy not the 8) these were "Extended Arithmetic Elements"---  
Hence EAE I/O. A TTY is a teletype, specifically the venerable Model 33 ASR  
Teletype & . now also obsolete (\*sigh\*\*). As for the rest, go find an  
aging computer freak and ask him/her/it.



As far as obscure sub-genres of songs go, however, computers are not very -- obscure, that is. Neither are CB songs (I'll save my one song of Ham Radio origin for another time). Slobbovia is pretty obscure, as is Diplomacy (I cannot believe there isn't a song extant to: "I'm a Diplomat and I'm OK...") Physics songs, however, I consider to be fairly obscure. I'm currently trying to get a chance to tape some songs recorded (on aluminum platters--in the days before mag tape!) by the WWII-MIT Radiation Lab crowd. The following (next page) is one of the first songs I ever wrote. It came out of 3 summers of working for a high energy particle physicist, building a huge "particle calorimeter". This beast measures particle energies by stopping the little buggers in large tanks full of metal plates, & dumping the energy into scintillators--liquid or plastic--which generate light flashes that can be counted with a phototube. The whole thing took 15 tons of steel plate and \$500,000 or so of exceedingly precisely machined Plexiglas -- Ain't Science Wonderful...(don't answer that...)

Things have gotten worse since "Little Boxes." At Lawrence Livermore Labs (LLL) this summer I discovered another songwriter among my colleagues, and we traded a number of songs. I wasn't working on classified stuff (the world's got enough problems without my designing bigger bangs) but one needs a security clearance just to get inside the place, and a certain amount of contact with secret garbage is inevitable. The following was also just about inevitable: to the tune of I've Been Workin' on the Railroad:

I've been workin' on the H-Bomb,  
All the live long day,  
Burnin' time in simulations  
Of how to blow this world away...

And there it must end, because the rest of the song is classified, and may not be sung outside of designated Exclusion Areas, or to persons not having Q clearances. And that, I think, represents the ultimate in limited audiences! Such are the insanities of National Security...

In Conclusion (the final paragraph heading of a plagiarized paper) I give you one last song for the Fast food joint haters. I don't mind 'em in general -- McDonald's isn't great but at least it's reliable -- but they definitely provide some of the most obnoxious commercial Jingles around (as my typing rapidly degenerates to gibberish--or is that jibberwockyjowuf). I am eternally tempted, when standing in line at such a place, to cheerfully whistle the competition's tune, over and over....



Kare--HDSQ #1

6

## Little Boxes

Words: Jordin Kare

Tune: Little Boxes (obviously)

Little Boxes, in a beam line,  
Little Boxes full of scintillator,  
Little Boxes, Little Boxes, Little Boxes all the same.  
There's a lead one, and a steel one,  
And even Uranium,  
And they're all made out of scintillator,  
And they all count just the same.  
  
And the particles in the boxes  
All come from the Proton Synchrotron,  
Where they get shot through boxes, little boxes all the same.  
  
And there's protons, and pions,  
And even Charmonium,  
And they all go through the scintillator,  
And they all count just the same.

---

## We Do It All for Cash

Hold the Lettuce, hold the pickle,  
Special Orders cost a nickel,  
All we ask is that you fickle  
People shut up, and

Have it our way,  
We know what's good.  
Have it our way,  
At Burger King.

Have it our way (etc. ad nauseum)

---

## ANNOUNCEMENT      ANNOUNCEMENT      ANNOUNCEMENT

As long as I have a little space left, I might as well let this group know:

I have for some time now been slowly accumulating material for The Westerfirk Collection, a high quality hymnal to fill in the gaps left by the collections I've got. More recently, I seem to be turning into a contact point for northern CA (& even some southern CA & general west coast) filkers. Therefore, if anyone reading this 1) has songs they'd like to see printed it TWC, or 2) knows someone on the West Coast who might have such songs, or 3) simply knows someone in Northern CA who's interested in filking, I'd be delighted to hear about it. Until Next Issue:

*Jordin Kare*  
Jordin Kare



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Gregory A. Baker, 87-50 125th St., Richmond Hill, NY 11418

#### A NOTE OF INTRODUVTION

Brian Lipton et al, we blew it. Not only did I miss APA-Filk #3, but I nearly missed #4, too. I'd commit seppku, but someone swiped my razor blade and replaced it with a Norelco Retray Razor,\* and I can't slit my throat or go riding over the snow. I have several reasons; I moved to New York City, and then to Queens; I have my filksong band, The Starship Troupers, and a convention, Augustrek, to keep moving, and best of all, I got engaged to Sharron Marshall of Waterline, NY. But, I will make good the mistake. The number of pages I plan to do will keep me going for at least twenty issues.

#### THE IRISH LIEUTENANT

by Gregory Baker

(To "Rosin the Bow")

When I was a student in Ireland,  
From Galway to Boston was far,  
But now I've a spacer's commision,  
I travel from planet to star.  
The times between space can get boring,  
So I pass an hour or so,  
With good songs like "I'll Take You Home, Kathleen"  
And others like "Rosin the Bow".

And others like "Rosin the Bow", my boys,  
And others like "Rosin the Bow".  
He sings songs like "I'll Take You Home, Kathleen,"  
And others like Rosin the Bow".

So here I am, tripping the circuits up,  
I fancy I'll take us somewhere,  
You're lucky your captain's an Irish king,

I usually play this one in D major.  
The chords are D, A, Bm, G respectively.  
D major and A major are two fairly easy  
keys for fiddle, mandolin and Irish tenor  
banjo.

\* A Norelco Rotary Razor is what Santa rides every Christmas, in a silly TV ad Norelco has.

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For girls can now let down their hair.  
 Tonight the whole crew will eat ice cream,  
 We'll follow it up with a dance,  
 And now I'll repeat, "Take You Home, Kathleen",  
 You're lucky I gave you the chance.

You're lucky I gave you the chance, my boys,  
 You're lucky I gave you the chance,  
 To hear my superb Irish tenors, lads,  
 You're lucky I gave you the chance.

Who cares if the engines aren't working?  
 They always gave off too much noise,  
 So that's why I optioned to turn them off,  
 They hindered your musical joys.  
 I know there's a planet below us,  
 But it won't be there very long,  
 And now I'll repeat, "Take You Home, Kathleen,"  
 I never get tired of that song.

He never gets tired of that song, my boys,  
 He never gets tired of that song.  
 That does not mean we all aren't sick of this,  
 He never gets tired of that song.

And now, the sad part... (The good part!, Oh, shut up...

They cut down the door and the got me,  
 And took me to sick bay for cure.  
 The doctor looked at me with an evil grin,  
 And said "I've the thing for you sure!"  
 He gave me a shot for my muscles,  
 He said it would do me no harm,  
 But why did he stick the shot in my throat (Choke for two beats)  
 Instead of a shot in the arm?

There'll be no more singing "Kathleen," my boys,  
 There'll be no more singing "Kathleen!"  
 Until they release me from sickbay, then-  
 ONE MORE TIME-  
 (I will take you home again, Kathleen...,  
 There'll be no more singing "Kathleen!"

Things that I'm thinking of doing, but haven't done yet, are...  
 1. A song about the Star Trek Movie to The Muppet Show theme.  
 2. A Battlestar Glactica song to "Copacabana"...

His name is Starbuck,  
 He flew a Viper,  
 on a human battlestar,  
 Chasing Cylons near and far.  
 His wingman, Boomer,  
 No slacker, either,  
 Put the Cylons in dismay



Whenever Boomer crossed their way.  
But then the war was lost,  
Amid a holocaust,  
Starbuck may have been once defeated,  
But he sure ain't bossed.

On the Blue Flight,  
The tried-and-true flight,  
The craziest bunch in the crew flight.  
The Blue Flight,  
Apollo's new flight,  
Drinking and playing was always the way on the Blue Flight,  
Don't cross their way.

Quite often Starbuck goes on a mission,  
To find out where Cylons lay, so the fleet can run away.  
And puts his Viper out of commission,  
Where the ship is rudely hurled to crash on a nearby world.  
That's when the show gets hot. They borrow someone's plot.  
But if you should tell them of it, then you've just forgot

The Blue Flight,  
Is in a new fight,  
They-plagarize-old-plots-like-glue flight  
Blue Flight,  
Apollo's new flight,  
Start's out again with a small hint of Shane on the Blue Flight,  
Don't cross their way.

His name was Baltar,  
He was a traitor.  
And he'd strike out on his own, like The Guns of Navarone.  
He'd get Adama sooner or later (or later, if you get John Boardman's  
With the Devil on his team, comments in #3)  
Baltar had the right to beam

A light upon his face,  
He'd get the human race,  
And because of that silly dagget  
We would gladly chase  
The Blue Flight,  
Apollo's new flight,  
Should be blown up and scattered, it's true, flight.  
The Blue Flight,  
I'd love to screw right,  
Heat and anoxia and cirrosis and pox tonya, Blue Flight,  
Just go away.

well, forget that one. I just wrote a new song, I promise I'll  
approve it- many times.  
Like hell I'll approve it. I'll improve it.  
Like hell I'll type this!



I believe that once their technical problems are solved, Fred is going to get not only fannish but conventional music acceptance.

Finally, I get to the Starship Troupers. We formed because I and Roberta Rogow disliked playing by ourselves to some extent- since we're both hams of the worst sort, there's no way we'll stay dissatisfied with our music alone, but we could start to specialize as musicians. Lisa Hess is simply the best filksinger in the East Coast. She has a sense of perfect pitch, she is very proficient on guitar, and she has a voice that ranges three octaves and which can be sultry or serene, depending on what the song requires. Lisa handles the arrangements for us.

Roberta and I had started playing as two separate acts since 1975 for her and 1977 for me. We started backing each other up at cons, and when I got Lisa to come along with us in 1978, we were set to go.

Our problem at first was arranging our songs. Roberta has a distinctive style of singing which is different than Lisa and mine. We took several practice sessions to get it to a passable blend. Lisa has to sharpen her tone, and Roberta and I have to soften ours and lower our voices. However, we manage to do what no other filk group has done and consistently sing in three part harmony. But this takes practice, and our other major problem is often the same as any other groups'- we all live a good distance from each other, and only one of us has a car.

To keep a professional level, a group has to schedule regular practices. Roberta lives in Northern New Jersey, I in Queens, Lisa in far uptown Manhattan. I have to take the subway and get Lisa, Roberta has to drive to New York to pick us up, and the process takes time. Martha and Rodney Bonds have no such problem- they're married. To top this off, we all have varying work schedules. I have to fit the National Guard drills in, Roberta her work at the Patterson Free Library. Therefore, a full rehearsal only comes once a month or so. Lisa and I can get together more often and do. This affects our performances. Lisa and I will do duets more often than we will sing with Roberta. And the delays in practice means that we have to make arrangements well in advance of the performance, so much of our new material gets unheard.

We are solving our problems, however; I'm picking up bajo slowly, so we can vary our arrangements more. We continue to get better material written, so we never have to worry about being stuck with the same numbers over and over again. If we keep this up, by the time APA-Filk 5 comes out, we'll have put out our own album.

Next QWXB! in APA-Filk: It Gets Hairy Up There on Stage, or Performance.

#### MAILING COMMENTS and Other Snide Remarks

Something of Note 1 (Bob Lipton)- Actually, I'd rather hold the copyrights to filksongs if only because I can get a little egoboo out of seeing my name in print, and secondly, I might make it with one of the songs and the royalty problem can get sticky. I have been contacted by an assistant editor of 1984 to put "The Ballad of Beta 21" in print, and a Don Christopher, who put out the Mimoy albums, is also putting out a collection of Roberta's filk. Thus, I'd rather have my own copyright, and I'm sure that others would agree to the same, especially Margaret.



The song I used as an example in QWXB! 1 as an example of adapting popular music ("radio noise" according to Lee) has caught on like a good case of bubonic plague. Actually, the reason that I didn't put all of "Fifty Ways to Torture Terrans" in QWXB! 1 was that the song was already in the August Party Songbook, a collection that includes much of my material and many other good songs, and the Maryland Association of Star Trek holds the copyright on that one. However, I rechecked the conditions, and hence I will put:

# FIFTY WAYS TO TORTURE TERRANS

by Gregory Baker

(Music: "Fifty Ways to Leave Your Lover" by Paul Simon)

Em D6 Cmaj7 B7 Em Am7 Em  
 Em D6 C B7  
 The problem is all inside your head, Kor said to me,  
 Em B7 C B7  
 You torture a Vulcan when you act illogically.  
 Em D6 C B7  
 I'm sure that your mental lock is bound to have a key,  
 Em Am Em  
 There must be fifty ways to torture Terrans.  
 Em D6 C B7  
 He said, "I'm getting tired of your helpless efforts, fool.  
 Em B7 C B7  
 "I know there are lessons for enforcing Klingon rule.  
 Em D6 Cmaj7 B7  
 "So I'll repeat myself, since I enjoy it when I'm cruel,  
 Em Ammaj7 Em  
 There must be fifty ways to torture Terrans.  
 Em Am Em  
 Fifty ways to torture Terrans."

CHORUS: Put 'em on the rack, Jack,

Bb6  
 Burn out their brain, Dwayne,

CT  
 You don't need to be nice, Price,

G  
 Just go on a spree.

Dump 'em out the lock, Jock.

Bb6  
 You don't need to be told twice,

CT  
 Cut off their head, Red,

G  
 And listen to me.

Kor said, "You should enjoy your job-- you're giving people pain.  
 "I know there is something I could do to make you think again."  
 I said, "I appreciate that.  
 And could you please explain about the fifty ways?"



He said, "Why don't we start to work you over here tonight?  
I'm sure that in the morning, if you live you'll see the light."  
And then he kicked me.  
And I realized that Kor was always right,  
There must be fifty ways to torture Terrans.  
Fifty ways to torture Terrans.

## REPEAT CHORUS

---

IF THIS SWASSASLOVOPOLITZHURNALI WOULD CALL THIS STRAKH BUT IT ISNT AND WHO CARES  
Filksinging for the Complete Neo, Part II: Singing with a Group, or  
"What, Another Spock Song?"

---

Once you have developed an extensive repertoire and you have at least semi-professional proficiency, then you may want to form a group. Why may be a little mysterious for the SF-only filkers, who think of folksinging as a group activity, the nature of media fan makes a filk group's existence more feasible. First, everyone at a Trek or a Star Wars convention has seen the same presentation, which often is more than what SFers have read together. There are many quirks of character and deeper aspects alike that the shallower media cannot go into in depth. Fans love to fill in these blanks. If you don't believe me, compare an SF 'zine to a Trekzine.

Thus, one can write very sensitive songs such as "One From Two" by Martha Bonds and Kathy Burns of Omicron Ceti III, or very broad parody such as mine and Pat Paul's "Pon Farr Doll", and because the media fans want to immerse themselves in the entire universe of the shows, you will see several fannish groups playing at conventions and making records. (Even more often, you will see fans making tapes at the performances.)

Because there is a demand for filk groups, there will be filk groups. It's simple capitalism. Of course, I never heard of a rich filksinger. But the egoboo is its own reward.

How do groups get organized? In the case of Leslie Fich and the Dehorn Crew, Leslie, the group's Trekfan, got her folk group, a pro band in Chicago, to do her filk material. They have two albums, "Folksongs for People who Haven't Been Born Yet" and "Solar Sailors", and they have on them classics such as "Banned from Argo", "The Ballad of Transport Eighteen" and "Hone Eyrie: The Eagle Has Landed". The band operates out of Chicago, but Leslie occasionally come East to cons like Mos Eastly and August Party.

None of us here are pros, so we can't convert a band. The next step is to get two or three talented fans together and form a group. This is what Kathy Burns, Martha Bonds, Rodney Bonds and Carolyn Vennino did when they formed the Omicron Ceti III. Actually, I suspect that Rodney was dragooned into the group, but I can't be sure. All of Omicron Ceti III are dealing with the fanzine Contact, and this leads to my greatest criticism of their style; they tend to draw too many of their songs from the zine and not from the Trek concept as a whole. Often, I find myself wondering why they are referring to such-and-so, and I find that reading more fanzines helps. Nevertheless, Omicron Ceti III's ideas on filksinging don't mesh with mine exactly.

Carolyn Vennino is no longer with OC3; the group is based in Baltimore and Carolyn is now in Northern New Jersey. She is playing with Fred Kuhn and Light; An electronic band. Fred is very good when it comes to new concepts, but Light, requiring a sound system that takes a while to set up and usually doesn't fit hotel sound systems.



(Bob Lipton) continued: I had a bit of difficulty understanding the Slobbovian songs in all three issues. I am grateful that you've started to put explanatory notes in your issue #3.

Overall, the quality of your songs has been very high. They only drive me insane because I can't play them on my guitar. (Have you ever tried Gilbert and Sullivan?)

ANAKREON (John Boardman): The Viktor von Scheffel songs and My God, how the Dragons Roll In are my personal favorites of yours. You do very good translation work.

Do you have the original lyrics to "Salvation Army"? That is the base tune for "The Rebel Pilot's Lament". and I'd like to get as many of the originals as possible.

Roger Young was a National Guardsman, I'm a Heinlein fan, and I lead a Mobile Infantry unit, so naturally myself and my troops flipped over "Roger Bung". Thanks for reprinting it. I'd also like to get the tunes and lyrics for "The Good Ship Venus". Clarke mentions it in one of his novels, I remember.

As for "Liliberlero": I've been hooked on the tune ever since I started to tune in the B.B.C. World Service- it's their signature tune. I wasn't surprised to see a Civil War satire of the tune. The problem I have with it, is that I feel too associated with the song to get a satisfactory set of SF lyrics.

THEY'LL SING IN SOMEONE ELSE'S ROOM NEXT TIME!! (Margaret Middleton) Roberta Rogow has a filk, called "Bringing in the Zines". They go like this:

Bringing in the zines, bringing in the zines,

We shall go collating, bringing in the zines...

The original "Gory, Gory" is a paratrooper's song. (By the way, one never calls them paratroopers, it's "airborne"). I'll get it for next issue.

SINGSPIEL (Mark Blackman): I've had similar perverse impulse to filk G&S and Lerner and Loew alike. The former is a plan to do "The Snockado", with Wendy Schatz of Maryland...

For he's going to go into pon farr! (Pon Farr!)

(For He's Going

At seven ack emma we'll solve his dilemma,

To Marry Yum Yum)

We'll carry him off to ShiKar (ShiKar!)

Or at least to a funeral bed.

The other project is "Sherman's Planet", a musical with the music stolen from "Oklahoma":

The Klingon and the Terrans should be friends,

(The Farmer and

The Klingons and the Terrans should be friends,

the Cowboy Should

One of them likes to phaser folk,

be Friends)

The other one likes to laugh and joke,

But that's no reason why they should be friends.

QUAGMIRE (Evan Jones): The verses to "Young Man Mulligan" were O.K. I might see if I can find a PDQ Bach sheet in my book.

LEE (STRUM und DRANG): O.K. stuff, but I, being a Marklander, have a urge to sneak up under SCAdians and stuff their broadswords in their ears. I believe that heroics ballads, however, are needed, and I wish that we could get a few good arrangements on the radio. Can you get me the music to "Escape of Old John Webb?"

CARTHARGIO DELENDRA EST!

Gregory A. Baker



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THEY'LL SING IN SOMEONE ELSE'S ROOM THIS TIME! #3 for APA-Filk #4

By Margaret Middleton  
PO Box 9911, Little Rock, Ark. 72219

Has anybody (everybody?) seen the October issue of MAD? With "The Ring and I", one of their "Mad Movie Musicals". A number of the songs in it are quite singable and should go well in filksings! Especially the one about how fantasy heroes never seem to have mundane health problems like ingrown toenails or such!

Kantéle #4 should be sent out to Foundation members by the time this gets distributed; if you aren't a member and want a copy it is still 50¢ per. With luck it will get so much larger over the next publishing year that the price will have to go up.

On to talking about this zine, though...

Harold Groot-- I finally found that "Guadeloupe Mountains Cave Song" by Mack Pitchford on my Iggy tape. This song commemorates a Spring Break ("The longest holiday we have that isn't summer") expedition to the Carlsbad Caverns area of New Mexico. Now, with the Spring semester starting a couple of weeks after New Years these days, the Spring Break is no longer tied to Easter for most schools, and tends to occur in the middle of March instead...

You'll recognize the tune when you get to the chorus.

THE GUADELOUPE MOUNTAINS CAVE SONG, by Mack Pitchford

C F C  
I packed up my bags and I headed for Carlsbad;  
G7

I sat up all night, and I waited for you.  
C F C

But here I am now and I'm cold and I'm lonely  
G7 C

Alone in my bag, and I've nothin' to do!  
F C

CHORUS: Where, oh, where, are you tonight?  
G7

Why did you leave me here all alone!  
C F C

I searched the world over, and thought I'd found true love;  
G7 C

You met another, and pxxxxtht! you were gone!

It snows in the morning, it snows in the evening,  
It snows in the day with the sun shining bright;  
If you were here with me, you'd solve all my problems;  
We'd sleep-in all day and we'd heat up the night!

CHORUS

cont'd.



It's cold in the morning, the wind is a-howling  
 The temperature's dropping just like a big rock!  
 My nose is a-sneezing, my toes are a-freezing  
 My heart starts to shake when my knees start to knock. CHORUS

New Mexico's nice if you like lots of ice  
 But don't sleep in the canyons or you'll have a fit  
 We're not waiting for Monday; we're leaving on Sunday  
 Good-bye Guadeloupe, we're tired of your/Where, Oh, Where...

The Univac song should really be sung with one's own name instead of "Virgil Cane", nu?  
 I have (long ago) heard Arthur Godfrey doing a version of "Itazuke Tower". It starts  
 out "Teterboro Tower, this is Piper 202..." and refers to his own escapade of buzzing  
 the control tower at Teterboro, N.J. Airport in a Piper Cub. This incident nearly lost  
 him his pilots' license.

Schoolfilks, eh? Here's the verse that my group used to sing with the chorus you quoted  
 last ish;

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the burning of the school:  
 We have tortured all the teachers; we have broken every rule;  
 We have dumped the bloody teachers in the dirty swimming pool,  
 And there ain't no school no more!

Other favorites of those days were progressive pieces like "Found a Peanut" (on the street,  
 ate it, died of food poisoning, went to heaven, got a transfer back to the hometown, got  
 a job selling peanuts!), "Sipping Cider Through a Straw", and "She Waded in the Water"  
 (but she didn't get her xx xx wet,...yet).

Most times I work from the tune to the idea, so if I were being assigned a song to write  
 I guess I'd have to say 'give me the tune and let me take it from there'. More on this  
 later.

Mark Blackman-- Your "filkelehrer" button reminds me of the ones Melissa Bayari was mak-  
 ing Monday after the Riverboat Cruise at Northamericon: "It were VERY filk out last night!"

It were, indeed. Shelby Bush had originally designed the filk concert for the cruise  
 on the Belle of Louisville to be set up with each singer coming onstage and doing 2 or 3  
 songs then the next singer, etc. Instead, all 8 of us marched up there and settled down  
 like a row of onions and proceeded to hijack the boat. Mike Longcor was a last-minute  
 addition to the program, all duded up in his "Riverboat Gambler" suit: frill-front white  
 shirt, red brocade vest, pinstriped trousers tucked into black dress Wellington boots,  
 hold-headed cane (which Hawkeye and Murray borrowed for "Have Some Madeira") and a  
 frock coat. Returning from "a turn on the Texas Deck", he gleefully reported that the  
 Captain had threatened to put him off at the next sandbar if there were any reports of  
 trouble from him.

That cruise also provided one new Fannish Legend: Juanita and the Steam  
 Whistle. At one point during one of Juanita Coulson's songs, the boat's whistle sounded  
 off. Juanita remained audible. The next time the whistle got fresh, she was ready for  
 it: overpowered it, and forced it into key with her! Anne Passovoy has written a song  
 on the subject, which she says I can use in K5.

Getting back ashore, I party-hopped for  
 about an hour, then headed back to the shorebased singroom, and found two solid rows of



singers across the end of the room. Danell Lites reports counting 22 singers at one peak time. The survivors wound up with "The Impossible Dream" ( a lovely way to end a sing, by the way) around 5 a.m..

Evan Jones-- Well, actually; we did run your YMM verses in the original form in Kantéle #2 about the same time as APA-Filk #1 hit the fans. Lipton has raised some queries about possible conflicting copyrights from K (to you) and from AF (to him, with rights returned to you).

John Boardman-- Oshit, another one to EDDYSTONE LIGHT! I have mixed reactions to it, with a slight negative total. Difficult to explain why, too: I started this paragraph 3 times in the rough draft and none of them made much sense. I am a little startled to hear that MZB actually likes it; she told me rather forcefully at one point that she severely deplores the strongly frivolous element in Fannish music.

On to Scheffel. Oh, yes: properly fannish drinking song. If I make it to Noreascon Two next summer and can locate you, will you sing it and some of the others for my tape recorder? It would go well among the praises of Tullamore Dew and Jim Beam sung in the Midwest.

The significance of Jan. 30 eludes me: the Infernal Revennoers don't come and haul it away 'til April 15.

No, I have not heard an actual kantele played. I would like to, though.

Raymond Heuer-- Oboy. Parallel evolution strikes again: Herewith the midwestern/Dorsai fannish version of "Please, Mister Please".

GORDY'S GANG by Margaret Middleton

C

G7

In the corner of the room there sits a table, piled high with guitar cases old and new  
you can sing your newest filksong if you're able to wait it out 'til someone else gets/  
through

We got good Kentucky Whiskey on the dresser (smoooth!)

C7

F

We got Irish in the crock that's on the floor

C

We got Scotch for one whose thirst is not the lesser;

G7

C

And we've emptied out the ice machines once more!

CHORUS

G7

Please, mister, please; sing "Falmorgan" again,

F

C

Or "The Tarbird" or the one about the "Brothers"

G7

, Please, Mister, Please, sing about "Jacques Chretien"

C

And we'll drink a toast "To Dorsai" with the dawn.

If I had a drink for every friend I see here, and another for the ones who couldn't come  
I swear I'd be the drunkest fem in fandom, and in this crowd, don't you know,  
that's going some!

So we'll sing our songs about the Dorsai legends,

And the ballads of the ones who've gone before

'Til the daylight comes a-streaming through the window

And finds us all passed-out upon the floor!



Actually, the notion of "attaching a tape recorder to the distribution" sounds like the really logical way to run a filksing apa. Or, perhaps a round-robin could be set up somehow, so the tunes nobody but the contributor knows could be circulated.

Robert Lipton-- Steve's recommendation that the stage/audience setup be tried when filksinging is officially programmed has generated more misunderstanding...! Do you ever get far enough west to convention to be out of Filthy Pierre's general range? May I recommend ConFusion this January, which has noted eastcoast fan and filker Elliott Shorter as Fan GoH.

With OTR you can also get away with chopping the song off after a dozen or so verses.

I agree completely on mixing solos and group sings for optimum enjoyment of a sing. Come to ConFusion and see if that's not the way it works out on this side of the Appalachians, too!

Al Frank did a "Brothers" song to the same tune; maybe you have heard/seen it (I think it got into the notorious HOPSFA volume). "Henry Martin" can be found in the Joan Baez Songbook in your local library.

Remind me to send you a SASE for the "Cowboy's Lament"--if it is to a Western song I probably heard it while I was growing up in Texas.

Lee Burwasser:-- Is "Come to the Revel" to the "Come to the Kretschma" tune? I think times may have changed, and singing stuff from the repertoires of folks what ain't around to defend themselves is done nowadays. And if anyone besides Azarael was doing the savaging, what business is it of theirs?

COME TO THE FILKSING by Margaret Middleton  
tune: Come to the Kretschma

Am E Am G7  
When you hear a fannish song, does it haunt you?

Dm A7 Dm  
Do you frantically scribble it down?  
G G7 C E

If you do, then come down to the Filksing:  
Am E Am - E - Am

It's the best entertainment in town!  
C Am

CHORUS: And there is singing, and there is drinking;  
A7 Dm - E - Dm

Beer and Tully flowing left and right!  
E Am

Come to the filksing, folk of all ilk sing  
F E Am Dm

On, and on into the night! (and on, and on, and on, and on, and on, and on  
Am E Am - E - Am

and on, and on, and on!) On, and on into the night!

I must remember to pinch the "Mercenary's Song" and run it past the DI's next time I go north. I forgot to glom onto it before Northamericon.

On tunes that won't put up with being frivolized, try "Finlandia". I think this is sort of the flip side of why I reacted negatively to "Arilinn Tower". In that case the topic was being frivolized in a manner which hit me wrong. (cont'd)



This gives me a good lead-in for a comment I was intending to work into a later paragraph, but...

The topic of frivolity in filksinging is one which I've been spotting less-than-happy reactions on for some time. There are singers and other folk in fandom who seem to want to limit the term "filksinging" to the Bouncing Potatos/Old Time Religion/Marcon Ballroom/Chemists' Drinking Song genres of irreverence and frivolity, and would rather not have songs like "Mary O'Meara", "Green Hills of Earth", "The Eagle Has Landed" and other "serious" songs tainted by the tag "filk". I personally do not think this is an accurate division: all fannish music is filksinging, be it irreverent or inspirational or bawdy, and be the tune pinched from Simon & Garfunkel or original with the singer. That's another tendency that bothers me--to limit "filk" to the parody song, and find another label for Leslie Fish's original songs, and Clif Flynt's and Diana Gallagher's and so forth.

Another comment of Lee's, about songs written by folks who have never apparently tried to actually sing them, leads me to a query on yet another difference in basic singstyle between the midwest and eastcoast: is it a predominant pattern for a lyric to get printed in a zine first if it is by an eastcoast lyricist? I know the midwesterners prefer to sing the song for an audience before committing it to print. This may be of a piece with the high density of guitar players in the midwest vs the predominance of Erwin Strauss in the east: nearly every would-be lyricist knows a guitarist who can be persuaded to launch a new song (or teach the aspiring singer how to play the guitar and do his/her own accompaniment); whereas for a new song to be launched by Strauss it has to be in print, if only for the purpose of being passed-out at his sings.

One last question: is there a tune for "The Tale of Custard the Dragon"? That particular bit of Ogden Nashery is one of my longtime favorites, and would go marvelously at sings!

No real comments for Dave Klapholz and Mark Richards.

One last song, to fill up the bottom of this page and put something on the back. This is somewhat of a piece with my reaction to Harold Groot's question about preferring to be assigned topic or tune. Occasionally a song will grab me by the ears and insist that it is not really about what the mundane lyricist put down, but actually about something fannish. A Waylong Jennings recording titled "Amanda" did that to me last spring sometime, claiming it was really a Dorsai song. I had been hearing, in conversations with and around Gordy Dickson, about an upcoming "illumination" story (should be available by now: volume title THE SPIRIT OF DORSAI--includes "Brothers" and the new piece "Amanda Morgan", along with fill-in material) involving three different generations of Amanda Morgan's (not a mother-daughter-granddaughter setup; they're farther apart than that), with Amanda II being a contemporary of Ian and Kensie Graeme. For a while then I thought I was going to write the song without reading the story (which would be a whole new level of semi-psychic interaction between me and that series of tales). The words refused to jell, though, until after I'd had a chance to read an advance copy at Northamericon. The chorus, though, I had well in advance, with only two changes from the mundane version: pluralizing "our" from "my" in the second line, and substituting "cavalier" for "gentleman" in the second. I haven't actually tried it as a duet yet (I only sang it for the first time at Northamericon), but I visualize the



first section sung by a male singer with a female voice on the "Handsome Winsome Johnny" fragment. (this is a song I have had in storage for some time in connection with the Ian Graeme character but it has resisted rewriting. Now I see why...)

## COUNTERPOINT

LYRIC: Margaret Middleton

First tune: IAN'S SONG

tune "Amanda" from GREATEST HITS: WAYLON (RCA AHL 1-3378 Stereo)

I've tried to forget her, <sup>C</sup> you know I've tried <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup>

For there was another more worthy than I: <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup>

My other-half brother, bright Kensie she'd see <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup>

If one was to win her, 'twould surely be he. <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup>

CHORUS (repeated) Amanda, light of our life; <sup>C</sup> <sup>C7</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup>

Fate should have made you the Cavalier's wife. <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup>

So I turned to another; made Leah my bride  
And our sons they stand tall, as they walk by her side  
To the grave 'neath the rooftrees where Kensie must sleep  
And I look for Amanda: does she know? Does she weep?

Second tune: HANDSOME WINSOME JOHNNY (Traditional)

I know where I'm going; and I know who's going with me: <sup>C</sup> <sup>Am</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G7</sup>  
I know who I love, and I know who I'll marry. <sup>C</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G7</sup>

Leathern shoes are fine; and silken dresses bonny  
But I would trade them all for my handsome winsome Johnny

Some may say he's dour, but I say he's bonny:  
Fairest of the fair, is my handsome winsome Johnny.

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"Life" at the end of the first line of the chorus is deliberately singular: Ian and Kensie are literally halves of a single individual, but trapped into two bodies. When I sang the song for Gordy Dickson I had not titled the first section: he suggested the "Ian's Song" title (which I had not quite had the chutzpah to hang on to it though it was deliberately written to be his viewpoint) and allowed as how I had captured Ian's thinking process here. Which is all sorts of egoboosting.



TONE-DEAF BARD #4

(TDB)

Published by Mark William Richards of 3120 Wilkinson Avenue,  
Bronx, NY 10461, (212)822-7235. This is Khentor Press Number 44.

I was going to write that I couldn't think of a goddamned thing to write a lyric about this time. As it is, I'm really not much of a songwriter (gosh I never knew that). What I do is improvise to tunes from the rather meager stock of tunes I know very well. Inspiration is all too infrequent--in absence of it I get nowhere. Fast.

It doesn't help that I don't play a musical instrument and I read music like a first-grader reads words. However, as I was writing this, I did manage to find the inspiration for a short filk. This is a working version, so to speak--I only have a first stanza and chorus. It's a Free Amazon song inspired by that bit John Boardman gave to us. Maybe those of you more skilled or more knowledgeable in Darkovan lore can help.

Renunciate Marching Song (working title)

Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

We'll abandon ou-r father's names, for they were all mere  
men,

We will pass into our own new world, beyond the Comyn ken,

We will break the cinctures Darkover has made for its  
women,

We'll suffer bonds no more!

Renunciation of our peonage,

Freedom from our men's bondage,

Comyn and commoner,

We will dedicate all to her,

We'll wear our chains no more!

All right, it's not so hot. What do you all think, anyway?  
Help is welcome.

Meanwhile . . .

Misplaced Melodies

Filksongs Old and New (Harold): I'm a lousy tennis player--or I was when I played. I'm beaten by the folks who are beaten by the folks who are beaten by your ladder-man. Nice song//What you did in "Univac," I did in my Slobb song to the tune of "JC Superstar," only it wasn't quite so intentional.//The schoolkid filk to the tune of "Battle Hymn of the Republic" I remember. The version I remember has the same first two lines, but ended "and that was the end of school." I don't remember what that rhymed with, or even if there was a rhyme.

Singspiel (Mark): Happy schussing.

Quagmire (Evan): Of course, there's the short section from the Sotto Sonata known popularly as "Begin the Be-Guinness." One of PDQ's drinking buddies, an impoverished Anglo-Irish aristocrat, is known for his frequent denials of PDQ's having written the section in his honor. Despite this, he went on to make a fortune, in, of course, brewing, thus both escaping and affirming his past.

The story would not be such an interesting piece of PDQ Bachiana if something unusual had not happened later in this Irish lord's life. The practice of honoring successful business entrepreneurs



having started to come into fashion, the brewer was to be knighted by his grateful sovereign. Luck would have it; the king had taken a small dram of beer a small while earlier. Completely sober, he was nevertheless slightly affected by the spirits. Needless to say, during the ceremony the poor Ulsterman's brains got knocked out. Sightings of PDQ's (ahem) "spirit" are also rather frequent at this time.

Under Philosophicanto you neglected to mention "Chamber Duet for Kazoo and Spinoza." Of course, the degree of art achieved in this piece has led many to doubt that PDQ actually wrote it, but rather that he stole it in a more lucid moment. Then there's also the choreographic directions, usually ascribed to Bishop Berkeley, which were written for those parts of the Philosophicanto the composer had considered turning into a ballet. These were discovered by an obscure PDQ scholar (who's still obscure, for obvious reasons.) They'll Sing In Somebody Else's Room Next Time (Margaret): You should try for a shorter title. Seeing your mimeo verse got me to thinking (we mustn't have that now, eh). There are these creatures called trools.

Anakreon (John): I can think of a somewhat more ironic and fitting means towards a king's fall--the daughter (or cousin) of James. That's true poetic justice.

50 Ways to Torture Terrans (Ray): The first stanza of your bit can also be sung to "Those Were the Days" // I wouldn't ask for "Hun/Peasant Duet." The others must be getting tired of Slobb songs by now.

Something of Note (Bob): The Scots verses you give seem rather obscure. Where from? // I wish I knew your tunes; "Kinnisson's Lament" and "Song of the Galactic Roamer" look good, but I don't know the melodies. Not being impartial, I won't say anything about "Snorri and Georgy." // I'm trying to get away from "adapted" lines. I don't really force grammar. I'll get past the faulty scansion eventually.

Sturm Und Drang (Lee): I seem to recall another "Mercenary's Song"; it was sung at the Darkover con. I can't remember it. Perhaps you know? // How do you do it? I know that I count some syllables, try it to the tune, and then bash it to fit.

Not A Fake Guitar (Dave): Welcome.

I got an idea for a song to the tune of "Rimini", the song by Kipling supposed to be a "legionary marching song from the late Empire." One stanza is given in Kipling's tale Puck of Pook's Hill; anyone with the complete set of lyrics? I need them for comparison and to help me with my lyrics. I know the tune, but my lack of musical knowledge makes the written melody useless to me, while the original lyrics will help with my scansion. Any help is appreciated.

I wish I could meet some of you, but my schedule won't permit it--my last con was in the middle of summer, and I see absolutely no way of making it to another one for a long time. Someday...

That's all for now.

Bog Bless

*Mark W. Clump*



# SINGSPIEL

Third Stanza

Mark L. Blackman, 2400 Nostrand  
Ave. #717, Brooklyn, NY 11210  
212-258-6647 Oct. 25, 1979

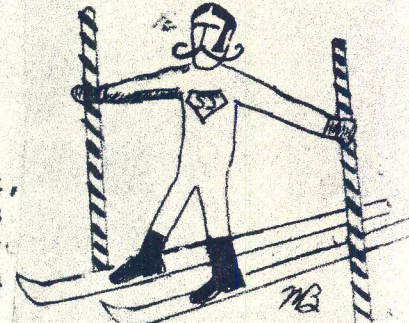
for APA-Filk #4



his issue's bacover should be a photocopy (revised) of the cover originally intended for APA-Filk #3 which Bob couldn't print.

Several weeks ago I received a pleasant surprise when Harold Groot phoned me to play a tape of "Super Skier" (tune: "Wreck of the Old 97"--Singspiel #2, APA-Filk #3) done (rehearsed) by of all groups, a barbershop quartet. He remarked that he'd never heard the Society for the Preservation of Barbershop Quartets do a filksong before.

FILKSONGS OLD & NEW/Harold Groot: It's a long wait, I know. Will he ever show? // As schoolkids the songs we were most exposed to were patriotic songs and commercial jingles--no wonder about all the take-offs on "Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "Stars & Stripes Forever." The following old favorite version of "Chiquita Banana" has as its subject revenge on teachers (a common theme):



I'm Chiquita Banana and I'm here to say  
If you want to kill your teacher here's an easy way:  
Just take a banana peel and throw it on the floor  
Then watch your teacher go sliding out the door.

50 WAYS TO TORTURE TERREANS (sic joke)/Ray Heuer: I'm reminding you to give me the lyrics to Tom T. Hall's "I Care" (plus the tune?).

SOMETHING OF NOTE/Bob Lipton: "Drunken Sailor" was deliberately chosen for use on that cover for that reason. // Remind me -- I have another octopus cover for the 2nd NY Conspiracy Hymnal (and John Hertz).

STRUM UND DRANG/Lee Burwasser: In a one or two verse songlet, the first line is usually the title. // What about the old-time sf writer who doesn't "give a damn about a Gernsback dollar"--sour grapes?

Last time I mentioned that at Disclave Greg Baker, Bob Lipton and I had written an anthem for the Filksingers' Guild. Since Greg has not yet run it through these pages, I will:

## The Filksingers' Guild Anthem (tune - "Hatikvah")

We are gathered here / To guzzle down some beer,  
Write words that rhyme / And other ones that don't,  
Write new lyrics that do not scan  
And mumble when we get stuck / Mumble mumble mumble.  
These are secrets of our ancient guild -  
Ancient since we started it last week.

And still on old business, in Singspiel #1, APA-Filk #2, I mentioned Isaac Asimov's clone filksong sung by him at Xenocon. Here it is again, as it appeared in the International Herald Tribune, Sept. 6, 1979:

\* \* \*  
The dean of science fiction writers, Isaac Asimov, also has been known to dabble in doggerel -- and to sing. He'll warble an original lyric -- to the tune of "Home on the Range" -- at Omni magazine's first birthday party Oct. 11 at Hayden Planetarium. The opening stanza -- "Oh give me a clone of my own flesh and bone with its 'y' chromosome changed to 'x.' And when it is grown then my own little clone will be of the opposite sex."  
\* \* \*



171

2500

2500

2500





As some of you know, I work in the UN area. Recently we had two well known visitors come to NY to address the General Assembly. In their honor, I've composed the following filksongs; I know the meter is a bit off--suggestions will be welcomed. The first might literally be called a spiritual:

John Paul 2

(tune - "John Henry")

When John Paul 2 was a young novice  
Kissin' on his bishop's ring,  
He picked up a mitre and a crosier of wood  
And said, "To the whole world peace one day I'll bring, Lord, Lord,  
To the whole world peace one day I'll bring."

John Paul 2 was Cardinal of Cracow  
And went to the Conclave with hope;  
The other Cardinals received the word from God  
And elected John Paul 2 the Pope, Lord, Lord,  
And elected John Paul 2 the Pope.

John Paul 2 went to the UN,  
Addressed the General Assemble-ee,  
And said, "World leaders, forsake the evil of war  
Or else you're gonna hear from me, Lord, Lord,  
Or else you're gonna hear from me."

John Paul 2 was cheered by the people;  
"Viva il Papa," they said.  
But meanwhile back at the UN they thought,  
"That guy's got a screw loose in his head, Lord, Lord,  
That guy's got a screw loose in his head."

---

Fidel

(tune - "Michelle") (fragment)

"Fidel!" they yell  
All along your route to the UN / Route to the UN.  
"Fidel, Rebel!"  
Say the Cubans from Union City / Union City.  
"Fidel!" Cops dispel  
Crowds so no one assassinates you / Assassinates you.

---

And, thinking ahead to the holiday season:

Christmas Crime in the City (tune - "Silver Bells")

Scuzzy winos, worn-out hookers  
Dressed in holiday style,  
In the air there's a feeling of tension.  
Psychos yelling, pushers selling  
Grass, smack, 'ludes and cocaine,  
And on every street corner you hear:  
"Call the cops! I've been mugged!"  
It's Christmas crime in the city ...  
Um um umm  
Sirens hum,  
But the punk's gotten away.





1750

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SOMETHING OF NOTE #4

Something of Note is produced for the fourth collation of APA-Filk, scheduled to take place on or about the first of November 1979. Produced by Robert Bryan Lipton of 556 Green Place, Woodmere, N.Y. 11598, telephone [516] 374-4723. Begun 30 August 1979.

A MIXUMAXU GAZETTE  
QUANTITY PUBLICATION  
# 336

I LOVE MY FANAC

TUNE: I Love the Night Life

I love my fanac.  
It helps me unbend.  
I love to publish a zine.  
I love conventions  
That last all weekend,  
And who cares what's in between?  
It's my religion.  
List'ning to James Schmitz  
Is like sitting in a pew.  
I love to drink beer.  
Hand me a cold Schlitz.  
I think that I'll hoist a few.  
I love my fanac..... [FADE]

I think that is the first disco filksong I have ever encountered. I thought of it while watching "Love at First Bite," in which the source-tune was sung.

I am quite aware of the contempt with which most filkers stare at disco sheet music. This strikes me, however, as something of snobbery. Disco, as near as I can tell, is to Rock as the Big Band sound is to Jazz. Judging by the short time in which the Big Bands held sway, about eight years, disco won't be around very long. Yet, if nothing worthwhile is being done with disco music, it is not because disco is inherently bad, but because the artists working in the field have not built up a "common language" and background. Anyone who thinks that Disco is shallow should consider the definite First Song to Be Hailed As Rock And Roll, which was Bill Haley's "Rock Around the Clock." Anyone hearing that could tell you it had nothing worthwhile to say; it merely emphasized a sort of mindless adoration of marathon dancing. As for early Elvis Presley, he seemed to spend a good deal of his time mooning over his shoes. This is socially significant? Yet from these early beginnings one can trace a continuous pattern to the early 1960s, when the Beatles came over, singing endless repetitions of "She Loves Me" to screaming young girls. Was there anything significant to this, or even musically adept? Ringo, as may be discovered by listening to "Hey, Jude," was never much of a drummer.

Yet from these inauspicious beginnings, the Beatles began to write lyrics which, if obvious, tried to say something. About 1968, some people who even knew how to use their instruments entered the field: the Fifth Dimension even had a trained singer.



30 AUGUST 1979

Jethro Tull began to demonstrate that one could play the flute and still be Rock. All of which has been an improvement. Does anyone want to claim that Bob Dylan played and sang his songs in an interesting fashion?

None of this is to imply that I enjoy any disco music that I have heard so far. When I was in Boston last year, I kept my radio tuned to a radio station that mysteriously played classical music and jazz in the evening and disco in the morning. One morning I woke up (it was an alarm-clock-radio) and lay drowsily a few minutes telling myself I recognized that tune. After a bit I realized it was the Salsa version of the "I Love Lucy" theme. Give me a baroque fugue any day. Nevertheless, if Disco lasts any time, it will develop some idioms and produce something worth hearing.

I do not mean the disco version of the "Star Wars" theme, which I heard so many times I had nightmares like I had of Scott Joplin's "The Entertainer."

## ONE MORE TIME

comments on APA-Filk #3

COVER: Sorry about this. I had neglected to run the electro-stencil upside down, which lets you print large black areas at the top (otherwise the sheets stick to stencil) and threw out the illo as soon as I had made the electro-stencil. We'll try to run it again. In the meantime, does anyone care to produce illos besides Mark? Variety is the spice of life, as some idiot once said. Variety is the cayenne pepper of life is more like it.

FILKSONGS OLD AND NEW #3 [Harold Groot] Interestingly, while I was reading "The Night the Univac Went Down," I heard "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down" for the first time. Eh. I enjoyed "The Ladder Man" and "Itazuke Tower," and loved "Be Prepared."

In "The Ladder Man" I would have made the last line of the third verse "On his tennis foes he pishes," but as Harvey Korman says in Blazing Saddles, "Too Jewish."

There is, or used to be, a couple of journals that would publish off-the-wall science papers. One was the Worm Runner's Digest, based on the fact you can train a planaria to do something, chop him up and feed him to another, and the other will thus be trained. Have you ever read the famous anthropological papers on the Nacirema? The other scientific journal for doubtful matter was the Journal of Irreproducible Results.

SINGSPIEL [Mark Blackman] What do you mean, the co-creator of the Giant Heavy-Barded Warfrog? The Giant Heavy Barded Warfrog was created by Raymond Ilyich Heuer and myself to annoy Dan Gelber in the course of an all-night D&D session. Hmph! The nerve of some people!

QUAGMIRE #2 [Evan] When I wrote "Where Have all the Martians Gone" I was not writing a variation on "Where Have All the Flowers Gone," but using the tune for my rhymescheme. As for you contention that "all filksongs to that tune use the progressive structure," the only filksong to the tune I can think of is "Where Have All the Neos Gone." One example does not a summary make.



THEY'LL SING IN SOMEONE ELSE'S ROOM NEXT TIME #2 [Margeret Middleton]  
Glad you were able to get a good reception for "Where Have All the Martians Gone." I think it's one of the best things I've done so far. My only regret is that people don't seem to have noticed "A Fearsome Monster" in the same issue.

Whoops! Just noticed I'm typing elite on pica spacing.

I believe the enquiry from the Library of Congress is from the same cause I posit the enquiry for APA-Filk: I applied for copyrighting.

ANAKREON#2 [John Boardman] I'm glad you were able to get the appropriate releases for "Arillinn Tower." With your permission, I intend to work a bit on the Renunciate Song. I plan one verse to be a serious piece on the causes of Renunciation; the second to be on the problems of being a Renunciate; and the third something humorous to top it off.

I am glad to see more von Scheffel translations.

The "Roger Bung" piece reminds me of a conversation that was going around the table at Ray Heuer's birthday party. We were discussing where various Revolutionary heroes would be today. I stated that George Washington would have been fragged by his men in Viet Nam. There was agreement on this point. George Washington never made the same mistake twice, but he made every mistake in the French & Indian War.

Apparently in the dialect spoken in California, the addition of a 'u' or 'w' does not change the schwa. As for your example proving that an Englishman had to write "The Good Ship Venus," well, the loss of the 'r' following a vowel is common all along the Eastern Seaboard, from Cape Cod to Brooklyn to the Deep South.

FIFTY WAYS TO TORTURE TERRANS [Raymond Cuthbert Heuer] Are you sure you can keep up this furious pace of fanac? In your filksong, I would suggest the third line might be changed to something like "You can have your favorite filksongs badly battered." However, your second choice strikes me as quite good too. See my comments to Evan about "Martians."

STRUM UND DRANG [Lee Burwasser] I agree with your point about new songs not being always recognized; but some of the tunes you and Margeret are using are equally obscure. One of the few songs I wrote at a sitting was "A Libellous Lullaby" in SoN#2. I always like to wait and polish, though. Unlike my prose, I feel that songs which are to be sung by many people should have some care taken of them, and I hope to have my better pieces widely circulated. As a note, I later realized that "Martians" was too long and cut out the bit of Brown's from the song. Someone has recently asked me about including Bradbury's Martians. I refused not only because I thought the song was long enough, but because I don't care for Bradbury.

I liked "Bardic Chain" and "Mercenary's Song." I wish I knew the

RAVINGS OF A TONE-DEAF BARD [Mark] Your song this time does not even fit the song!

That's about it. Sorry, no comment hooks in Dave Klapholz' piece.

#### FILKSONG LISTING

This is a continuation of the listing I began last time; it contains the filksongs in my collection which are not available in any in-print filksong collection. I am willing to xerox these items for cost or in exchange for ones I do not have.



NEURSE SCHIVOSK: Robert Lipton; "Good Morning" (Beatles), Slobbovian song.  
 NO MORE FANS: Bruce Pelz; "No More Came on the Brazos". Los Angeles fandom.  
 NUMBER ONE IN THE RATINGS: Dick Trtek; "Ruler of the Queen's Navee". Diplomacy fandom.  
 A PATTERSON FOR...GUESS WHO?: Len Briles; "King Gama's Song". Sercon fans.  
 PAVING THE ROAD TO HELL: Bruce Pelz "The Lord Chancellor's Song"; editing fanzines.  
 "TRAVELLIN' GIRL: Juanita Wellens & Beverly Jean Amherst; "Travellin' Girl". Inter-planetary hooker.  
 THE PRINZ WILHELM WALTZ: Roger Oliver; "The Beer Barrel Polka". Slobbovian.  
 THE PRISONER'S CHORUS: Greg Baker; "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean", The Prisoner.  
 REPLYING WE SING....: Bruce Pelz "'Replying We Sing," "Duet" between Bloch & Tucker.  
 SANCTA JUSTICIA: David Schwartz; "Santa Lucia"; Slobbovian Court Procedure  
 SEND IN THE SUBS: Dick Trtek; "Send in the Clowns", Diplomacy fandom  
 STABBIN' TIME: Marck Morrisson; "Summertime", Diplomacy fandom.  
 TALE OF THE PIONEER: Isaac Asimov; "I Have a Song to Sing, O!" Plot construction.  
 THE TARPITS OF IVAN: John Hulland; "Beverly Hillbilly" theme; Slobbovian.  
 THREE CZARS OF SLOBBOVIA: David Schwartz; "We Three Kings"& "Those Were the Days", Slobbovian  
 THE TRANSPORTEERS: Poul Anderson & diverse Hands; "When Johny Comes Marching Home" past and future innovators.  
 TRAVELLING TRUFAN: Ted Johnstone; tune not recognizable, music provided; fannish  
 WOGGISH MEN: Donald Wileman; "Camptown Races" sort of, Slobbovian.  
 YOU BASH THE BALROG: Lee Gold; "Waltzing Matilda" D&D.

Next issue I'll list stuff in one of the back HOPSFA HYMNALS. In the meantime, those of you who have not seen it, MAD a few months ago had a musical version of the LORD OF THE RINGS film.

#### DISCO AND THE DECLINE OF THE MUSICAL

I am a long-time fan of Hollywood musicals. I don't mean the sort of thing that comes out nowadays when one or two musical numbers are interposed into a movie, but the older sort in which the music is an integral part; the sort where, to quote someone about Gene Kelly's movies, no one talks if they can sing; and no one sings without dancing.

Hollywood musicals could not come into their own until the introduction of sound; but from 1928 on, there was a gradual evolution. At first a musical was simply a revue. Cliff Edwards would come on the screen with his uke and strum and croon "Singin' in the Rain." In the early 1930s, the "backstage plot" became apparent. The Warner Brothers Musicals which always seemed to star Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler, with the musical numbers directed by Busby Berkley came into being. Others of the variety were "Showboat" and Paramount's "Big Broadcast Series." For those of you not familiar with this sort of thing, "Saturday Night Fever" is an example of this genre.

In the mid-thirties the third stage of musicals evolved at RKO. In the sort of musical which was originated by Sandrich with Astaire & Rogers (there's an Astaire & Rogers film festival on WOR this week), not only were the people involved in show business; their singing and dancing was something which they did in "real life" too. At this point Hollywood had caught up with Broadway. The Hollywood Musical had become operetta. *"Grease" is a modern example.*

This situation continued into the fifties. It reached its peak in 1951-55 when, in a few short years MGM produced "An American in Paris," "Singin' in the Rain," "Royal Wedding," "The Band Wagon," "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," and a host of others.

Then, suddenly, it collapsed. Gene Kelly's experiments went beyond public taste, or so it seemed; Fred Astaire retired from dancing; even Cole Porter's music couldn't save "Can-Can," and MGM's musical remakes, from "High Society," to

*"Silk Stocking"*



were flops. They seem spiritless now, as if the actors and technicians knew what they were doing was in vain.

What caused the Hollywood musical to end? One theory is economic: rising costs meant that only a big production company could turn out a musical, and the growth of the independent producers and decentralization of the industry made it difficult to turn a profit. As part of this, the success of Warner Brother's production of "My Fair Lady" is an excellent example. They gave the movie a lavish budget and were able to gain enough attention from its long Broadway audience to turn it into a real hit.

I think the real reason is a choice of music. Because, when the movie musical was peaking, a new musical form was coming into existence: Rock and Roll.

Hollywood had never been backwards about using up-to-date music. Berlin, Gershwin and Porter, who wrote the music for the best Hollywood musicals of the 1930s and 1940s knew what blues, stride and jazz were about. They incorporated its music forms freely into their work. Hollywood was also quite willing to experiment. "The Big Broadcast of 1932 had Cab Calloway singing "Minnie the Moocher." In the late 1930s and early 1940s, if a musical was turned out by anyone except MGM (barring the "historical musicals" that Fox seemed to go in for) it would have one of the Dorsey Brothers or Glenn Miller in it.

In the 1950s, however, a new situation arose. Rock and Roll originated, not in New York, as the previous forms had (or at least, they had taken their strength from New York), but in country music. Control of Hollywood has always been split between New York and Hollywood. There was no "front man," familiar with rock and roll, to push it in the executive offices. Rock and Roll was played loudly with a strong beat; the smooth dancing that had been evolved by Kelly & Astaire for the movie musical could no longer work. Rock and Roll concerned itself almost entirely with the problems of teenagers; with the exception of "Bye Bye Birdie" this could not be stretched out into an entire movie.

The new form appealed to young people and the country, in the wake of the baby boom, was growing younger. By 1955, the baby boom children were beginning to buy tickets. There was nothing to appeal to them in movie musicals. To quote "Variety," they stayed away in droves.

It was not all Hollywood's fault. They couldn't work with the new talents. Hollywood required someone who could act as well as sing. Previously the talent had come from Broadway.

By the early 1960s, when Elvis Presley began making movies, the situation had deteriorated too far. With almost the sole exception of Presley, Rock and Roll did not have single star performers, but groups; and the failure of groups in musicals has recently been demonstrated by "Sargeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band" (I liked this musical). The central Hollywood producing organizations had lost too much power; and no one would risk the capital for what had become a very chancy vehicle. Presley's musicals had moved back to the early 1930s; people sang when they would sing in real life; on a stage.

There might have been a renaissance in the mid-sixties. The Beatles made three popular films: "Hard Day's Night," "Help" and "Yellow Submarine," which, by its cartoon format of fantasy allowed a restoration of the 1950 musical.

But music had become politicized. Rock (as it was now called) was not just the music of the young; it was the music of the far left. "Jesus Christ, Superstar," could be made into a musical because it came from Broadway; the success of "Tommy" elicited no follow-up, however, because it could appeal only to the young.

What has happened to revive the musical? First, the choreography of Twyla Tharp (hope I spelt that right) meshed with rock: wild, acrobatic movement. Second, music has ceased to be a political issue. Third, the rise of disco.

Don't underestimate disco. Disco is very popular from ages 10 to 60; this gives it the broad-based appeal needed for a successful movie. It lends itself



to graceful dancing.

True, right now the lyrics associated with disco are generally too primitive for a musical. In large part they seem to deal with the joys of disco dancing. But, over the next few years, if there are no more sharp discontinuities in musical style, we may well see the rise of a new generation of good musical movies. I certainly hope so.

=====

The following song was written on 4 September. I was walking in the city and saw a record shop. This made me think of an offer the local Public TV station had made: that anyone who became a member for \$35 would receive a double album of the movies "Easter Parade" and (I believe) "High Society." I then saw a good looking woman walking down the street in a summer costume and reflected that she wore almost as little as the winning competitor in an SF con masquerade.

#### MASQUERADE WINNER

##### TUNE: EASTER PARADE

In your fetching costume  
As a green girl from Barsoom,  
You're sure to take the first prize at the Con Masquerade.

You're sure to come in first  
Also to have your name cursed  
By those who lose to you in the Con Masquerade.

When the watchers vote  
You will surely gloat.  
They'll adore all your adornment.  
There'll be no complaint  
That it's only green paint.

What matters graceful sewing?  
There's surety in knowing  
Nude girls will win the first prize in the Con Masquerade.

The next song took a while in evolving. Towards the end of June, on the way to Origins '79, Al Nofi began working on a martial anthem for Skandalutz (for an explanation, consult John Boardman). After working on it a bit, we began to sing various songs. I tried out "Erie Canal;" and since my natural singing voice seems to be a bass, the reception was not too bad.

The song continued to move about in my mind for the next month or two, until the following song arose. I wish to thank John Boardman for doing the calculations for the length of the trip and Brian Burley for suggesting the colony's name. And I want to figure out how to fill out a few more lines on this sheet of paper so I can start the song on the page where it will end.



10 September 1979

## RAMJET

TUNE: Erie Canal

We set out seven years ago  
 On our way to Ny Oslo.  
 The brilliant stars in ebony  
 Surround us far as we can see,  
 While, rearward, we can see our flight  
 Powered by our ramjet's light.  
 Seven years are gone, six more to go  
 From Mother Earth to Ny Oslo.  
 See the Bussard field afire!  
 Burning Helium in its Phoenix pyre.  
 Seven years are gone, six more to go  
 From Mother Earth to Ny Oslo.

The stars are turning blue ahead,  
 While those behind are dying red.  
 Alone here, each year moves as days  
 Quickened by or ramjet's blaze.  
 Three years will pass aboard the ship  
 As we, outbound, will date the trip,  
 But back home there's six more years to go  
 From Mother Earth to Nye Oslo.  
 Rushing down to Zero Tau.  
 What goes on at home right now?  
 Seven years are gone, six more to go  
 From Mother Earth to Ny Oslo.

The next two songs are Slobbovian songs. They were written for, and first appeared in Slobinpolit Zhurnal #79 (which I produced). I shall wait until next issue before I reprint "The Appalatchicola, Phunn & Whendow Bay," if I do so then.

The first song requires a bit of explanation. In 850, Constantine Dinkendorvf, then Inthane of Polschnitzen, revolted against Czar Lycanthropus, and seized the title of Czar. This earned him the enmity of Count Ra-Man. Next, he moved the capital of the Empire from Strakenville, where it had been since Bodrog Strakenvich's second reign, to the capital of Polschnitzen, the city of Matrokh. This angered the bureaucracy. Then he renamed the city "Saint Konstantinsburg," and began to award himself innumerable titles. This offended the Old Slobbovians. Then his brother was promoted to Rear Admiral and promptly ordered several flotillas of ironclads (by which is meant ferrous-hulled ships) scuttled. Then he seized control of most of the Transmontane by guile, which angered the Seagoonskies. Finally, he abdicated the mess to Nikolaj II Vurklemeyer, Prinz of Venturia, which pleased the Vurklemeyers, until they realized that the situation had so far degenerated, that the Empire could not even defend itself. This completed the list. Just to make sure, however, Constantine revolted the South Coast.

In the midst of these necessary activities, Count Ra-Man got his revenge. His ships landed in St. Konstantinsburg and the trial of Admiral Rogov (who had been incited to revolt by Constantine, who abandoned him on its failure) was held in the city.

During the trial, however, it was remarked by several people that something odd was going on. The water level of the city had risen until, now, the second



floor of the Court Building, where the trial was being held, was under several inches of water. Several rumors have come out. One was that Nikolas Ulyanov, commanding the Isles flotilla that had taken the city, had destroyed two pylons on the end of Matrokh Bay's arc; the other was that some thieves, attempting to steal the Crown Jewels, had activated some ancient machinery. Neither seems to make much sense, but then little does in Slobbovia.

Note: the reference to gold in the second section, should be understood. Alexis Seagoonsky, about 843, began to pour gold into Slobbovia from the fields in Meroakia. So vast was the amount, that it ruined gold as a monetary basis.

## SWIM THROUGH KONSTANTINSBURG

TUNE: Walk Down the Avenue

We are a couple of jerks.  
Neither of us works..  
We'd take a position, of course but,  
It has to have some perks.

We are a couple of Slobs.  
We can't seem to find us jobs.  
We can't work for just anyone  
Because we both are nob's.

Czar Jurgen's hiring men, they say, right now.  
So we have got to get to him, but how?  
Yes, but how?

We could walk through Konstantinsburg, but we both would surely drown.  
There's no air in the city, water is all through the town.  
We could fly o'er its statues, but we have no blimp, we think,  
So we'll swim through Konstantinsburg, yes we'll swim through Konstantinsburg,  
Yes we'll swim through Konstantinsburg or we'll sink.

We hear the people say  
"In Jamul there is good pay."  
We'd like to pocket some of it but  
There's water in our way.

There was nothing but gold  
In the money that was doled  
Out by the government and in  
The winter it gets cold.

There is a rising G.N.P. down south.  
I can't get through Matrokh with open mouth.  
Open mouth.

We would sail through Konstantinsburg but we haven't got a ship.  
We would ride through the city but our sea-horse hates the whip.  
We would ride on a trolley-car but the wires, they are down.  
So we'll swim through Konstantinsburg, yes we'll swim through Konstantinsburg,  
Yes we'll swim through Konstantinsburg or we'll drown!



This song will be annotated. It was originally written (or at least the seventh stanza was) by John Carroll about five and a half years ago. Earlier this year, I asked John if I could write a complete version and he said yes. The more fool he.

## LASZLOFERNDOCK

by John Carroll & Robert Bryan Lipton  
tune: Garryowen

In Strakenville<sup>1</sup>, against the sky,  
The Tower of Ludden looms on high,  
And, if you look next to it, you'll see  
Another Tower of Ludden or three<sup>2</sup>.

From a slot near the top of one of these  
A slip of paper falls to the trees  
And down to earth and there it waits,  
While strollers move by at varying gaits.

A D.S. Man<sup>3</sup> with his iron-shod stick  
Comes marching by on the double-quick.  
He picks it up and reads with a shock:  
"Deliver this to Laszloferndock<sup>4</sup>."

He rushes to the "Green Sirloin" Pub,  
which has in its rear the Caterers'<sup>5</sup> Club.  
He opens the door up with a rap  
And hands a scullery boy the scrap.

The scrap goes by a dozen men.  
It waits on the Caterers' Club's shelves, then,  
Ferndock picks it up and gives a cry,  
Urging his men to gather nigh.

He throws his drink against a wall.  
The glass is broken in its fall.  
"Come Caterers! By soup-sodden hair!  
Defend our honor! This I swear:

"Instead of skumjas we'll drink schnarg<sup>6</sup>  
And take no slop from that argle-barg<sup>7</sup>!  
No Caterer shall soak in the pail<sup>8</sup>  
While he can Laszloferndock hail!



"One of our own is stuck in the drawer<sup>9</sup>!"

The Caterers give a mighty roar.

"While strakh has strumph<sup>10</sup> let none make mock  
Of the Caterers and Laszloferndock!"

"Go to your homes and gather gear.

Bring out the bread, haul forth the beer,  
Take cheese and wine, come back on the run,  
And remember to bring a Gatling gun!"

The Caterers are on the street,  
Their martial music playing sweet  
On pipe and zither, kazoo and drum  
(Except for a few who are forced to hum).

They march out, soldiers tried and trued,  
The Regiment of Raoul the Rude<sup>11</sup>.

"Our ancient strakh shall never fail  
While we can Laszloferndock hail!"

They take a Tower of Ludden or five.  
Not a defender is left alive.  
Then to another they approach.  
There cannons roar and make a broach.

"Go, Caterers, and save our own!  
Let those who would oppose us moan.  
The strumph of our strakh shall never fail  
While we can Laszloferndock hail!"

Up fourteen flights the Caterers climb.  
Their work is crowned with success this time.  
"'Tis Ferndock!" shouts the Unterhorc<sup>12</sup>.  
"A Caterer! By rare-cooked pork!"

"Come, Grundjerk<sup>13</sup>, break that door for me  
And help to set a comrad free.  
Let never a Caterer say he failed  
When he has Laszloferndock hailed!"



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A smash or two and the door comes down.  
Inside they see in a brudhorc's<sup>14</sup> crown,  
In silken robes and iron clad  
The form of Rutabaga the Mad<sup>15</sup>.

The Caterers slink down to the street  
And beat clubward and quick retreat.  
They know their leader will never fail  
A Caterer who will Ferndock hail.

They chose to let their ex-Czar rot.  
"He can't boil water in a pot."  
But still their strakh they'll ever hold  
When thinking of these words so bold:

"Instead of skumjas we'll drink schnarg,  
And take no slop from that argle-barg!  
No Caterer shall soak in the pail  
While he can Laszloferndock hail!"

## FEETNOTE

- 1: Strakenville in Eastern Slobbovia, was capital of the Slobbovian Empire from the second reign of Bodrog the Just until the reign of Constantine III the Crook; it was restored as capital under Nikolai II.
- 2: The tower of Ludden was originally a prison built by Constantine II the Modernist. In the reign of Diederik the Drunkard and Lucrezia Raskolnikov it was converted into a tourist attraction. The Tetrarchy of the Golden Lion shortly afterwards sent a dirigible with a commando force to blow up the prison and gain support from the downtrodden masses. They were assigned the penance of rebuilding the tower by the Archbishop of Strakenville. When they had finished it, however, the Archbishop was dissatisfied and made them do it again. And again. And again. And...
- 3: In 851, a combine headed by Amalaswentha Seagoonsky and Ivan Dragomilov built Strakenville from Constantine II and proceeded to rebuild it. Since the contract was written by them, they managed to have Strakenville made practically an independent city. The D.S. was their security force.
- 4: Since Ferndock is the largest city of St. Waldo's Land and the province is a part of the Inthane of Polschnitzen and subject to great Phumphan influence, it would appear that Laszlo Ferndock had had long term-standing with Raoul Raskolnikov.



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5: Raoul Raskolnikov had been a chef. When he earned the favor of Ivan II The Tolerable in a story far too long to repeat here, he was commissioned to form a security force to replace the Knights of the Krispy Kritter. Ivan had been the head of the K.K.K. and had ridden to the Throne of Saint Hermann on its shoulders, but apparently no longer trusted it. Raoul formed the Caterers which, when Raoul became Czar, became the Czar's Caterers.

6: Skumjas is a cheap alcoholic beverage. Schnarg is brewed from fermented crottled greeps. During the era of the Phumphan Czars (Raoul, Rutabaga, Diederik & Lucrezia, Alexis and Ra-Man) it acquired great snob appeal and a price to match.

7: According to John Carroll: "The meaning of this term is obscure. Pzerhelvanov believes it is a pejorative term for anyone so foolish as to oppose the Caterers. Törjamov believes it refers to an overstrict Regimental Sargeant Major. The majority opinion is held by Kleindt who believes it is a forced rhyme scheme."

8: Short for "slop-pail" or regimental brig.

9: the "Drawer" refers to a bureacratic-run prison; either Czarston Pen or the Tower of Ludden.

10: "strakh" and "strumph" are two philosophic terms in Slobbovia that cannot be translated exactly. In these lines, however, "strakh" can be translated as "honor" or "prestiege" and strumph as "force" or "power" or perhaps "might."

11: Despite his death in 842 and later in 846, Raoul The Rude Raskolnikov is still the Colonel of the Czar's Caterers.

12: "Unterhorc" is a military rank approximately equal to lieutenant.

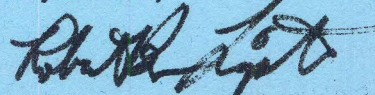
13: Grundjerk means a non-commissioned officer approximately equal to master sargeant.

14: "Brudhorc" is usually translated as "Count" and refers to an ex-Czar of Slobbovia; it is also used for an ex-Czar of Rabbitania (which title is no longer used) or Emperor of Rabbitania; it is also applied to ex-Emperors of Valgoria, although there has only been one: Gregof Vurklehymer, who survived his reign.

15: Rutabaga Raskolnikov was Czar after his father Raoul. His eccentric actions forced his removal and replacement by his half-brother Däederik.

That should explain it pretty well. I think twelve pages are enough, so I'll simply say

Abyssinia,



Robert Bryan Lipton



# TRUM UND DRANG

VOLUME I, NUMBER 4

S U D

SAMHAIN

This is STRUM UND DRANG vol 1, #4, put out by Lee Burwasser, at 5409 Hamilton St #5, Hyattsville MD 20781, for inclusion in APA-FILK #4

The date, incidentally, is pronounced SA-win or SA-vin --NOT 'Sam Hane'! Gaelic, you know. And speaking of SAwin:

s a m h a i n

[tune: Walk, Shepherdess, Walk]

The Wild Hunt rides at twilight. The wind howls drear.  
Shadows fly across the sky

At the turn of the year.

Herne rides out to lead them. Far, far they roam.  
He'll sound his horn before the morn

To call them all home.

The Wild Hunt rides at twilight; the turn of the year.  
Shadows fly across the sky --

Then fare ye well, my dear!

I often wonder how many people realise that the journeying of the elves to the Grey Havens is an echo of the Wild Hunt? Each year, at Samhain, the ship to the Otherworld leaves with all the folk who have died since the last time -- or do some get left? or stay behind of their own will?

Time for

T W A N G S

FOAN: I learned public-school songs from my brothers. None of my classmates were remotely filking material until senior high.\*

God bless free enterprise: system devine.

Stand beside her, and guide her,

Just so long as the profits are mine.

[cont]

\*Cleveland Heights High School.



Dear old Wall Street, may she flourish;  
Corporations, may they grow.  
God bless free enterprise: the status quo!  
God bless free enterprise: the status quo!

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the schoolhouse burning down.  
We have murdered all the teachers & we've flooded all the grounds.  
We have broken every rule, and the cars are upside-down:  
The school is burning down.

Glory, glory, hallelujah! Teacher hit me with a ruler.  
Bopped her on the bean with a rotten tangerene  
And beat it out the door.

As to which I would prefer, a given tune or a given subject, it would depend entirely on the tune and the subject provided.

[hm, I think I'll shift the line spacing]

SINGSPIEL: That's a nice little touch on the button. [Yes, I used to fence.]

SOMEONE ELSE'S ROOM: Since I've dealt with Dick's Gestetner only four times (that's counting this one), I have only one idea, and that one is properly John Boardman's. Get him to tell you about the time his machine ate its own silkscreen.

I think you've just penned an Immortal Line. I can see it in the next WSFA skit: "Do we have a chance?" "ANYthing can be sung to 'Greensleeves'!"

I'm not too clear on Archive of Folk Song and their precise relation to the Music Division. I know they have their own entry in the directory, and their own publication distribution. Anyway, I can't claim credit for their notice. There's a few really zany types in the LC; once somebody snuck BEOWABBIT into the cataloging computer system.

You and RBL agree with my instincts. Juanita's "Yo Ho Ho" is not the sea chanty. I am at peace -- except that I'd like to get an unambiguous title to cite . . .

I play guitar, or did, but I haven't in some time. And when I did, I didn't play the tunes that other people did. That's why I don't. I'll put in chording from now on, if I know it, and remember to, and . . .

I loved "Bow! Me Over". How about "Roll me over, hit RETURN, and do it again"?

ANAKREON: Since the only Darkover tale I read was DARKOVER LANDFALL (which didn't impress me), you'll have to supply further data. Specifically, do you have to be virgin to Renunceate?

Not the least pleasure in reading your stuff, John, is that it scans.

Actually, there's damned little "eastern" singing down here in Atlantia. (Which is, of course, one reason for the SONGBOOK.) (Still in the collecting stage, alas.) It's the Ostgard types (NYC, to nonSCadians) that will suddenly start singing Steel-eye Span's "Please to See the King" at coronation feasts. \*sigh\*



50 WAYS: Well, we can write the tunes .. I mean, we can draw our own staves . . . ? No, I guess not.

Seriously, those of us who use electrostencils ought to do up notation, but probably won't. I know I can't promise to.

SOMETHING OF NOTE: I wonder if I dare show "Amurphy & Mondegreen" to Sherna? "The Bonny Earl of Morray" is one of her favorites. Hm. Since 'he was a bonny laddy and he played at the ball", I guess Lord Mondagreen had something to do with their demise. Tho the laddy "played at the ring", too, which points to Lady M, or just possibly her father, as the hatchetperson.

Will SOMEBODY get me the words to "Eagle Has Landed"! There was a "Ten Years After Apollo" exhibit at the LC that's been driving me crazy with the one line that I do remember.

Uh, Bob . . . The first and third lines of the Dungeon Song verses have feminine rime. Two syllables. Your first verse could go " . . . dwarves and elves and/ Men break down the . . . off the shelves and/Bite: the fighters . . ."

Second verse is rougher, and all I can do on the spur of the moment is: " . . .and dwarves try/Adventuring in the town./ Guardsmen drop them off the wharves, cry/ "Get the lead out! or you drown."

Can't do anything for the alternate chorus; remember, the first and third lines don't rime in the first chorus, but the accent was still on the penult. I do like the idea of an alternate chorus.

I'll try to copy the music to "Tachanka". You really do need to hear the tune to do anything with it, I guess.

STAR WARS and BORN FREE are indeed nearly identical. FOR a while there, I had to play "Born Free" in my head before I could remember the SW theme.

If I can ever do Elizabethan bawdry, where the song is one long extended metaphor and the same set of words tells two different stories simultaneously, I shall carol it from the housetops. So I can see where someone who thinks his bit of porn is the wittiest thing since the Lusty Young Smith would want to share it. Trouble is, he's probably half right.

It's the tune to "Waltzing Mathildah" that does it. If your words are any good at all, and if your story fits the swing of the tune, it's more fun than feeble puns.

What about all those obscure SCA songs? Oh, annotations. O K.

If I said I despised the songs, it must have been the hour. Some of the modern-tuned medieval songs are good, and a lot of them are mine. Everybody starts with modern, i. e. , familiar, tunes. What I object to is people who never get, or ever try to get, beyond that stage. Of course if you're trying to be funny, or especially if you're trying to be satirical, that's a whole 'nuther game, with its own rules. Recall the effect on the hearers/singers of "the Mercenary's Song", provided they know (as Flieg expects them to) at least the tune and first verse of "Greenback Dollar".

SuD: (I may as well do the annotating here.) "Bardic Chain" is already annotated. Perhaps I should add, tho, that my SCAdian name is Styrbjörg Ulfedhnar, and that Baron Brian Maolcaoin's hair has been variously described as "crowned in flame" and as "a rusty Brillo pad".

"Mercenary's Song" seems to be as annotated as it needs to. Flieg's verses are much more topical. Oh, the fourth verse: sceptre, orb, ring and sword are all



regalia used in the coronation ceremony of the East Kingdom. The knights' oath of fealty, symbolised by the chain, is part of the ceremony; the difference between a knight and a master of arms is that a knight does swear fealty every reign, while a master almost never does. Nor do the rest of the peers.

"Song in Honor" is also annotated. "Iron-bound" doesn't need it. The untitled came from an incident that I have no intention of recounting. One fighter injured another, and it was hard to say who hurt worst.

When I do up "Alf Tuchuksbane" and "Lady Mary", I'll annotate them then. There's a bunch in Ohio calling themselves the Tuchuks, but One-Fuck the Tuchuk, a sort of epitomy of Gor freaks, is purely my & Sherna's imagination.

NotAFake: Charles Butler strums, or rather, picks his dulcimer much as you would a guitar. The sound is not as full as a guitar's, but well suited to his rather lyrical voice.

I salute you, mon brav! To give us musical notation is admirable.

TONE-DEAF BARD: "Henry Martin" is not the same tune as "Sir Patrick Spens", tho it wouldn't surprise me if the chording was identical.

QUAGMIRE: Some of us do notice the difference, the pattern, the fact that one tune is for fantasy and the other for SF, without being told. I did, and I'm sure there are others. No one says that non-pattern verses aren't funny; we're saying that they don't follow the rules. If you don't like the rules of YMM, play a different game. Don't "play" YMM by breaking the rules.

Taking over a tune does not commit you to the rules of the original (or anyway the previous) lyrics. It's when you join, or try to join, a communal project like YMM that you are bound by the rules of that project.

f i n e

Speaking of the STAR WARS theme (as I was backthere in the Twangs) I once wrote words to the first few phrases:

Rise high, into the night sky,  
Into the star lanes, boldly go.  
Lift clear, out to the frontier,  
Where the horizons brightly glow.

At which point I got tangled in the orchestration. I was listening to the sound track album. But the version on the 45 rpm is simplified, more singable; I may finish it yet.

Whew! Four pages already. Wish I could do this well all the time.

The Index to Volume I of APA-FOLK (that's a typo. Honest!) will appear in Volume II, number 1. Candlemas 1980. I haven't decided whether to include the tally of how many times each was reported sung. Since I'll have decided one way or the other long before anyone can advise me, I wouldn't mention it, except to fill up some space. I don't want to begin an essay at the foot of a page, and I don't want to leave too much white space.



## REASON FOR RIME

Whether or not rime originated as a mnemonic device, it functions as one. Rimed lines are easier to learn, easier to remember, easier to sing than unrimed. Recall "Battle of Brandobar" in AFTER DOOMSDAY, using the structure of rhythm and rime to ensure ungarbled transmission of the name of Earth to any H sap terr in the stellar neighborhood. (Does anyone know if there's a preferred tune to that? I use "Lincolnshire Poacher", but I'm not totally happy with it.) We aren't dealing with that extreme a situation in filk, but rime deserves attention as an aide-memoire if nothing else.

As an example, here's a verse from a post-revel SCAdian song called "Imperium Compound". The tune is "Lydia Pinkham". Each verse is about a different king or other notable in the Middle or the East. (If it's gotten further, I haven't heard.)

Words with Andy, you never should bandy.  
He is strong enough to kill a moose.  
He drinks copious Imperium Compound,  
But he can't take jungle juice.

I can't annotate it, because I was never privy to the gossip of Seldom Rest. It's not relevant, anyway; just consider the structure.

Line one has an internal feminine (2-syllable) rime. Line two rimes with line four. Line three has no rime. You can't tell from the single sample, so I'll just tell you that line three always ends in the words "Imperium Compound". Another thing you can't tell is that the feminine internal rime in line one is a rime on the name of the ~~subject~~ subject of the verse.

Lotsa little-bitty rules, huh? Buncha nonsense, right?

Wrong.

All those riming regs make it harder to write a verse, but easier to remember it once it's written. Three or four words are enough to jog your memory for the entire four lines. Consider:

What's the verse about Steerpike? It used "Thaid McTleson", remember. Right; and the rime was "lesson". The punch in line four was -- got it: "Thaid McTleson, he taught us a lesson/ and his praises we shall ever sing./ With the aid of Imperium Compound,/ Any fool can be a king."

An occasional verse uses masculine instead of feminine internal rime in line one, and gives you that much less of a memory jog: "Hakon Redbeard, we thought him a bit wierd./ We thought that Vikings were all six-feet-four./ Dipped his beard in Imperium Compound,/ and he sank right thru the floor."

The only verse thus far to break the rule for line three substitutes a second internal rime. This verse is easier to remember than most. (Of course the wierd line-division helps some.)

Merowald, he's the bane of a skald; he's  
got no vices for the bards to sing.  
Polite and formal; incredibly normal;  
Are you sure this man was king?

The foregoing verses are from the Middle Kingdom, where the song originated. Eastern verses I can't give you, because I can't remember them. There's no



internal rime on the name, which leaves a single riming pair to carry two lines apiece. It's not enough.

The verse for Angus ends "Only Bud's fit for a king", but I have no idea how it begins. Without a rime on "Angus" the first line is a blank, and without the first line, which of the score or more rimes for "king" ends the second? I do assume that the third ends with "Imperium Compound", but this tells me nothings about the first half of the line.

Rime-scheme is not something English teachers invented to give their students more homework. The extra work of conforming to a rime-scheme payes off in more easily remembered songs. Feminine rimes are especially helpful in this regard; a good feminine rime can carry an entire verse.

When I have to write a song without writing it down, I use the rime-scheme to help me remember as I go. The last time I did this was at Pennsic VIII, last August; someone was trying to put together a bardic chain, and I had nothing ready. The bardic chain never materialised, but I had the song.

I'd been looking for something to write about Duke Paul of Beatrix since the previous weekend. He gave me the hook for it at court. The gist of his speech was: You were right, I was wrong, I'm sorry I insisted against your better judgement. It took me the rest of court to work out the verse.

To humble himself in the courtly hall:

To say, "I was wrong", before all.

True pride has no fall,

'Tis a glory blazing tall:

Vivat! Vivat! Duke Sir Paul

above all --

Vivat! Vivat! Duke Sir Paul!

The tune is "Go From My Window", and the last two rimes go to the repeat lines in "Two Maids Went A-Milking". I'd played with this tune before then, and done a couple of verses to an abortive effort, so that was familiar. The addition came naturally, because "Go From My Window" has a less than conclusive ending.

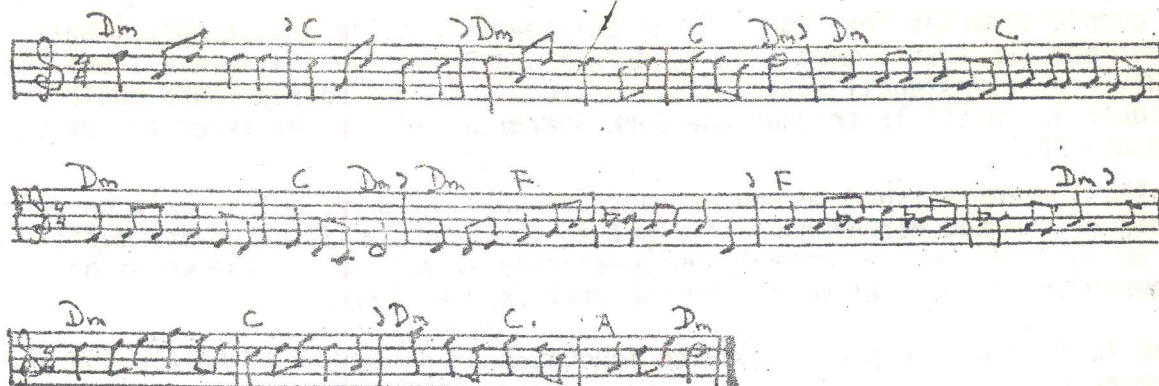
The rime-scheme is the simplest there is: all one sound. Just lucky there are so many first-rate rimes to "Paul". I gave up right away on trying to rime "Belatrix". More work in writing -- after the first completed line, you're under some restraint, especially if you forbid repeats -- but less work remembering line three while I polish line one to give me a lead-in to line two. Et cetera. The same constraint that gave me extra work in making the lines fit, cuts down the space a finished line could get lost in.

f i n e

Annotations: "Vivat!" is what we shout at court after someone has been singled out and called up to be honored. "Duke" means someone who has been king twice -- and therefore has won crown tourney twice -- or more times; Belatrix has been king six times at last count. "Sir" is how to address a knight: in the SCA, this is supposed to mean a heavy fighter whose general knowledge and general courtesy make him or her (two knights are ladies) an example for others. Westerners seem to drop the 'Sir' when they make count or duke; Easterners mostly keep it. All this will no doubt be explained again after I've finished the other four verses, sung them, and done them up here. Heh-heh.



## SONG OF THE SHIELD-WALL



1. Hasten, O sea-steed, over the swan-road,  
Foamy-necked ship o'er the froth of the sea!  
Hengest has called up from Gotland and Frisia  
To Vortigern's country, his army to be.  
We'll take our pay there in sweeter than silver,  
We'll take our plunder in richer than gold,  
For Hnegest has promised us land for our fighting,  
Land for the sons of the Saxons to hold!
2. Hasten, O fyrds-men, down to the river;  
The dragon-ships come on the in-flowing tide!  
The linden-wood shield and the old spear of ash-wood  
Are needed again by the cold water-side.  
Draw up the shield-wall, O shoulder-companions;  
Later, whenever our story is told,  
They'll say that we died guarding what we call dearest,  
Land that the sons of the Saxons will hold!
3. Hasten, O house-carls, north to the Danelaw;  
Harald Harðræða's come over the sea!  
His longships he's laden with baresarks from Norway  
To claim Canute's crown and our master to be.  
Bitter he'll find here the bite of our spear-points,  
Harð-ruling Northman too strong to die old;  
We'll grant him six feet--plus as much as he's taller--  
Of land that the sons of the Saxons will hold!
4. Make haste, son of Godwin, southward from Stamford;  
Victory's sweet and your men have fought hard,  
But William the Bastard has landed at Pevensey,  
Burning the land you have promised to guard.  
Draw up the spears on the hill-top at Hastings,  
Fight till the sun drops and evening grows cold,  
And die with the last of your Saxons around you,  
Holding the land we were given to hold.

--Words by Malkin Grey  
--Tune by Peregrynne Wyndryder



I outbid Johannes for "Song of the Shieldwall", quite unwittingly. What happened was that I mentioned to Malkin and Peregryne that since I use Dick Eney's electrostencil setup, it's no trouble for me to reproduce music. I didn't learn til later that one John Boardman had already asked to put it in APA-FILK.

Well, I'm sorry I had to squeeze out Johannes on this, but I can't be sorry that Malkin and Peregrynne are alert to the need for printing the music. I've advised them -- probably unnecessarily -- not to let the words be reprinted without the music for the next year at least.

The following is a public-service announcement on behalf of Malkin and Peregrynne:

First: note that "Song of the Shieldwall" is copyrighted, and the ladies mean it.

Second: no one is going to get permission to reprint the words without the music.

Third: you do not, repeat not, sing Malkin's words to ANY TUNE WHATSOEVER except Peregrynne's. Specifically, they are not to be sung to "O'Donnell Aboo".

. . . And To Finish Up On . . .

Here is the music to 'Tachanka', to which my dungeon song is to be sung. The chorus begins at the double bar near the beginning of line two.

I do not have guitar chords for it. Apologies, about grade two.



Which wraps up this quarter.

---Lee Burwasser



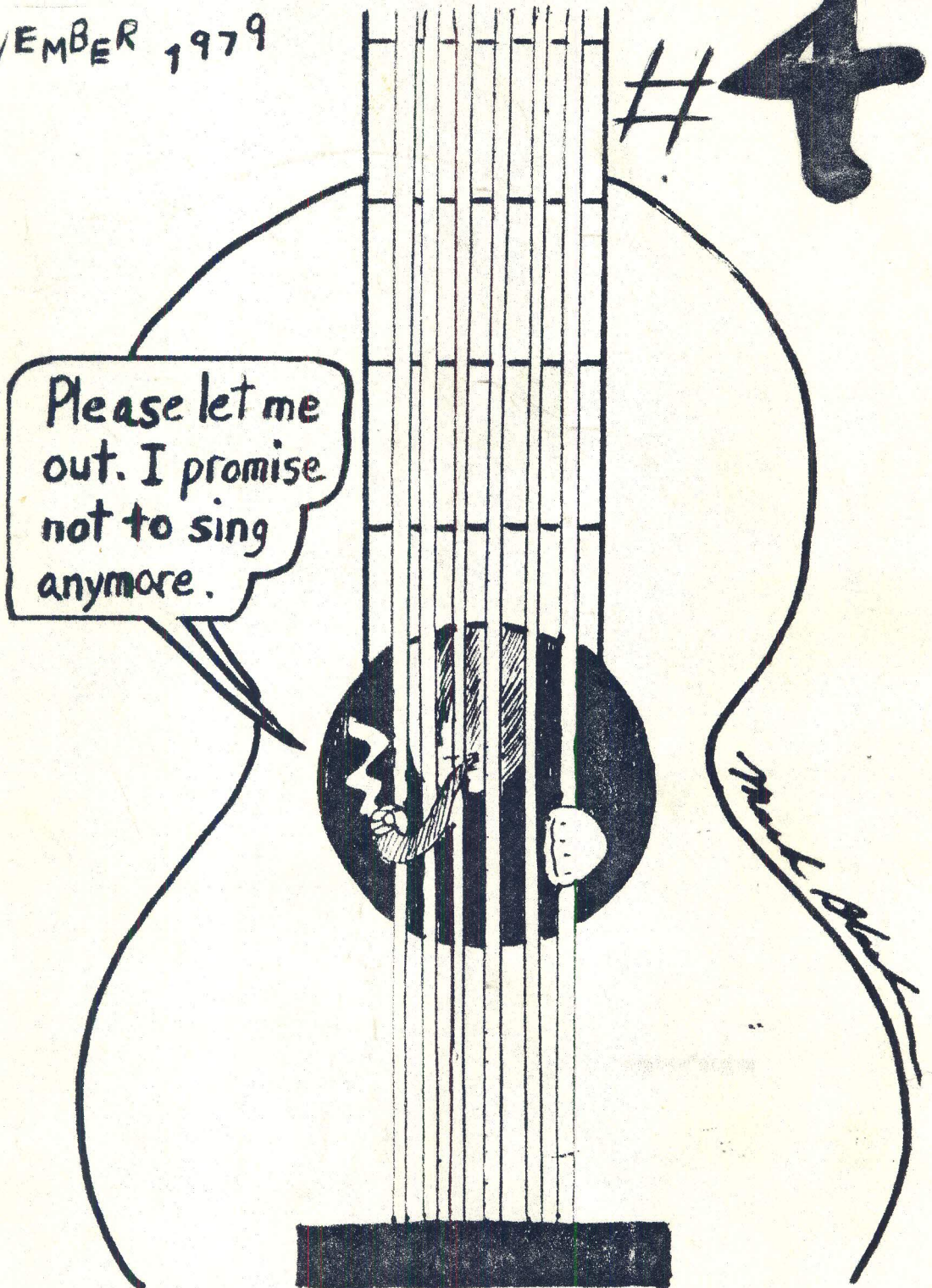




# APPA-File

NOVEMBER 1979

#4



Mark Bled